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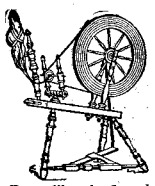

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Reason versus Habit

THERE is an instinct in many people to sleep in rooms that are closed against the night air. In the South there was a general belief for a long time that disease was carried by the fogs at night. Finally science proved it was not the damp air but the insects that spread contagion, and now the Southern people know that if their houses are mosquito-proof they can breathe the night air with perfect safety. In the Northern climate before the time of stoves and furnaces people warmed their houses with fires burning all day in the open grates. At night these fires were banked, and if a window was left open the heat would be quickly sucked up the open chimney, the house would cool off rapidly and the sleepers would be chilled. People with low vitality and with poor resistance would get up in a freezing room. Colds, bronchitis and kindred ills would often result. Therefore the windows were closed at night as a matter of protection. Even now it is hard to induce older people to leave the window open in a sick room, no matter how high the fever. They fear that the patient will catch cold, though they would willingly apply cold water or ice to reduce the temperature. In the tropics the mosquito-bar keeps out the death-dealing denizens of the air. The

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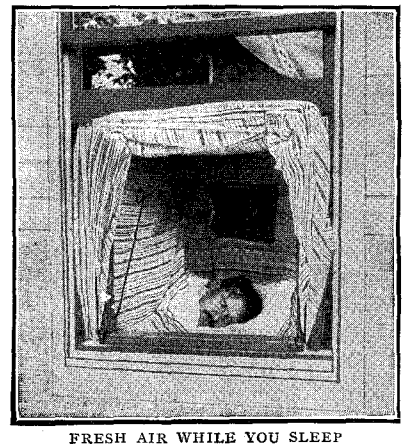

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The Outlook

12 DECEMBER, 1908

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THE POSTAL DEFICIT AND A RURAL PARCEL POST

The one great business in which the Federal Government is engaged is a losing venture. The manager of the business—the Postmaster-General—has just reported to the President of the company that, with receipts of over $200,000,000 last year, the concern lost nearly $17,000,000. He estimates that next year the deficit will be nearly as large. Carrying the mails under present conditions is evidently not a profitable undertaking for this concern—the United States—from a purely business point of view. But is this yearly loss inevitable? Must the business go on costing the people an increasing amount in taxation every year? The manager of the business says No. He recommends to the President, and the President recommends to the Board of Directors (if we may push the analogy so far as to designate thus the houses of Congress), a project which will, in their judgment, go far to wipe out the yearly deficit. The plan is simple. There are in operation throughout the country 39,516 rural free delivery routes, serving more than eighteen millions of people. Each carrier on these routes makes his rounds with a horse and wagon; but much of the available capacity of his wagon remains unused. He is permitted to carry no package weighing more than four pounds; and the rates charged for the carrying of parcels—8 cents a pound for printed matter, 16 cents a pound for merchandise, the regular postal rates—are prohibitive to the rural dweller for common use. Let us introduce, says the Postmaster-General, on rural free delivery routes, a limited parcels post, allowing the transportation of parcels up to eleven pounds in weight between points on the same route at a rate of 5 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound. Then the farmer may order by telephone or postal card from the storekeeper in the nearest town, and have his purchases delivered at his door for a small charge. The convenience to the country dweller will be enormous. Many a trip to town with horse and wagon will be saved. The storekeeper in the small town will profit as well. If his customers in the country around can get articles just at the time they want them, with a minimum of effort and cost, they will buy more things. As the Postmaster-General says: "The reason for increased consumption in the cities is that goods are accessible, and are invariably delivered to the purchaser." The town dealer would be protected from competition on the part of the great mail-order houses in the large cities, for "no merchant or dealer not a bona-fide resident of the town in which the distributing post-office is located or on the rural route would be permitted to have goods delivered at the proposed special rate, and packages would not be accepted from any person acting as agent for a concern located outside of the delivery limits of the rural routes." The business of local merchants would be extended, the convenience of the eighteen million persons living along rural delivery routes would be served, and incidentally the postal deficit would be substantially reduced. If each rural carrier delivered 55 pounds each trip during the year, an income of $15,000,000 would be earned. The Government would be at no added cost for railway transportation, and there would be little added expense of any kind. Postmaster-General Meyer's conclusion is indisputable: "Were the Post-Office Department a modern business corporation, its board of directors would not hesitate forty-eight hours to utilize the present machinery and establish a limited local parcel post on rural routes." The Outlook agrees with Mr. Meyer and

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President Roosevelt that a rural parcels post ought, in justice to the farmer, the country merchant, and the taxpayer, to be instituted at this session of Congress. At the very least, the Postmaster-General's cautious recommendation that the plan be tried in four counties should be adopted.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THRIFT

The deposits in the savings banks of New York State—a billion and a third of dollars—would more than pay the entire National debt. The savings in the banks of New England would nearly pay the debt. The deposits throughout the country would pay it nearly three times over. But over ninety-eight per cent of this money is in the banks of fourteen States, while the other thirty-two States have only an average of a million and a quarter of deposits each. In these thirty-two States there are many localities where there are no savings banks, and in some places no banks of any kind. The fact that the total savings bank deposits in those States are small does not mean that the savings of the people there are small. Unquestionably millions of dollars are kept in hiding in the regions unprovided with banks, and in other sections where the people, of foreign origin, distrust private bankers. The hoarding of money is an economic waste both because it is not absolutely safe and because the money so hidden is kept out of circulation. It is to remedy this condition that Postmaster-General Meyer renews his recommendation for postal savings banks. There are forty thousand money-order post-offices in the country, and a measure allowing them to receive savings on deposit would bring a savings bank within the reach of every wage-earner. And the savings bank would be one in which every citizen would have confidence—even those foreigners who are unused to rely on the integrity of any one but the Government. During the past year money-orders to the amount of eight million dollars were bought, payable to the purchasers themselves, and most of those orders were bought in States where savings banks are few. For these orders the buyers paid $25,000. How many more would be bought if, instead of paying to have their money kept for them, the purchasers could receive a low rate of interest on it? The bill now before the Senate provides that the Government shall pay two per cent to the depositors. But in the opinion of The Outlook the postal savings bank would be a success and fill a real want even if it paid no interest. Its purpose is not to compete with the established savings banks, but to fill another place. The postal banks would feed the regular banks by encouraging the habit of saving. A depositor who began with small amounts in the postal bank would soon, as his deposit grew, come to realize the advantage of the higher rate of interest paid by the savings bank, and thus the post-office would undoubtedly make depositors for the established bank, not rob it of them. Practically all the leading nations except our own have postal savings banks. In Japan the total deposits amount to $46,000,000, and this money would in all probability not have been brought into circulation save through this means. The need for the postal savings banks is widespread in the United States. Their introduction would be an advantage to the individual by helping him to thrift, to the existing banks by encouraging the habit of banking among the people, and to the community by keeping in circulation and so at its proper work money that would otherwise be hoarded or sent out of the country. We believe that Postmaster-General Meyer's recommendation should have the indorsement of public opinion and favorable action by Congress.

CHANGES IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

Last week important changes occurred in the Navy Department. Victor Howard Metcalf, of California, the Secretary, retired from office, and was succeeded by Truman Handy Newberry, of Michigan, the Assistant Secretary, who was succeeded in his former office by Herbert Livingston Satterlee, of New York. Mr. Newberry immediately enlarged the General Board, so that it will be able to perform some of the duties of a General Staff, long advocated

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by President Roosevelt and others who have made a study of the economy of the present naval organization. It is impossible, however, for the Secretary of the Navy to do as much as has been done for the General Staff of the army. While he is empowered to enlarge the personnel and the functions of the General Board, he cannot confer on it that legal status which would make its acts determinative instead of advisory. Nevertheless, the extension of the system, as far as possible under the law, should be welcomed. The actual demonstration of the usefulness of the reorganized General Board may prove convincing enough ultimately to lead Congress to create a Navy General Staff. In character and ability Mr. Satterlee should prove a worthy successor to Mr. Newberry. Mr. Satterlee is a well-known lawyer and naval officer. He was active in the establishment of the State Naval Militia, and was in the First Naval Battalion from 1891 to 1895. In the war with Spain he served as lieutenant in the United States Navy, and was Chief of Staff to Captain John R. Bartlett. Mr. Satterlee is President of the Naval Reserve Association, which he aided in organizing, and is General Counsel of the Navy League of the United States. He is a son-in-law of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

THE VIRGINIA TWO-CENT RATE CASE

The Virginia two-cent case, as it is called, decided November 30 by the Supreme Court of the United States, is somewhat complicated, and not altogether easy to explain to a lay reader. The decision rests on the affirmation that a Railway Commission may in certain of its proceedings exercise judicial functions, in certain other of its proceedings exercise legislative functions. In the words of the Court, "When, as here, a State Constitution sees fit to unite legislative and judicial powers in a single hand, there is nothing to hinder so far as the Constitution of the United States is concerned." The question whether in any particular case the proceedings are judicial or legislative "depends, not upon the character of the body, but upon the character of the proceedings." The Virginia Railway Commission has power, under certain conditions, to hear complaints, take testimony, ascertain the facts, and fix railway rates. From its decision an appeal lies directly to the State Court of Appeals, whose decision is final. The Supreme Court holds that this fixing of rates, whether done by the Commission or on appeal by the State Court of Appeals, is not a judicial but a legislative act. It decides this in a suit brought before the United States Circuit Court to enjoin the enforcement of a decree by the Railway Commission fixing the rates of certain inter-State railways on the ground that the rates fixed were confiscatory. The decree granting the injunction is reversed by the Supreme Court on the ground that no such injunction should have been issued until the case had been heard on appeal before the State Court of Appeals. The language of the Court on this branch of the subject would, we should suppose, approve itself to the extremest States' Rights man in Virginia:

> The State of Virginia has endeavored to impose the highest safeguards possible upon the exercise of the great power given to the State Corporation Commission, not only by the character of the members of that Commission, but by making its decisions dependent upon the assent of the same historic body that is entrusted with the preservation of the most valued Constitutional rights, if the railroads see fit to appeal. It seems to us only a just recognition of the solicitude with which their rights have been guarded, that they should make sure that the State in its final legislative action would not respect what they think their rights to be, before resorting to the courts of the United States.

STATE LAWS AND FEDERAL SUPREMACY

To this view it is objected on behalf of the railways that the action of the Court of Appeals is a judicial proceeding, and the courts of the United States are by statute forbidden to enjoin judicial proceedings in State courts. To this the Supreme Court replies that in hearing the appeal from the Commission the action of the State Court of Appeals would not have been judicial, "although the questions debated by it might have been the same that might come before it as a Court,

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and would have been discussed and passed upon by it in the same way that it would deal with them if they arose afterwards in a case properly so called. We gather that these are the views of the Supreme Court of Appeals itself." As a necessary consequence, "if the rate should be affirmed by the Supreme Court of Appeals and the railroads still should regard it as confiscatory, it will be understood from what we have said that they will be at liberty then to renew their application to the Circuit Court, without fear of being met by a plea of *res judicata*." This affirmation of the Supreme Court that a single Federal Judge may enjoin the enforcement of a decree of the highest court in the State has rearoused the States' Rights sentiment in the State to somewhat warm expression. Taken as a whole, the decision appears to us of double value; on the one hand in affirming the supremacy of Federal authority, on the other hand in its careful language of respect for and guarding of the rights and dignity of the State. As a hearty believer in the supremacy of the Federal authority and in the necessity of Governmental regulation of the railways, both State and inter-State, and in safeguarding the rights of the railways against confiscatory legislation, The Outlook welcomes this decision.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI

It is to be supposed that there was no humorous intention in the statement made in a despatch last week by the American Minister to Hayti that "the revolution was one of the most orderly that has occurred in Hayti for many years." Certainly the history of that turbulent country affords plenty of room for comparison. It has been three times a republic and three times an empire; its revolutions may be counted by the dozen; but, as one correspondent remarks, no President has ever been anything else than a dictator. At the present moment, leaving the deposed President, General Alexis, out of account, there are no fewer than four aspirants to the supreme rule—all of them, of course, generals—and there may be one or two others who have escaped our attention. But the despatches wisely and demurely remark that General Simon, who commanded the ragged army of five thousand men which entered the capital, Port au Prince, at his heels last Saturday, seems to have the advantage, and it is more than probable that he will recognize or create that "universal desire" that he should be President of which the despatches speak. The revolution was all but a bloodless one, but the picturesque old ruler, Nord Alexis, barely escaped with his life to the refuge of a French war vessel, and had to abandon even the gold he was carrying with him to the infuriated mob that pursued him. Why this rage existed against the aged President—he is at least ninety and some say that he is ninety-seven years old—is a little difficult to understand at this distance. For one thing, there is hatred between the north and the south in Hayti; Alexis represented the north, Simon the south. For another thing, there have been all sorts of revolutionary intrigues, coalitions, and counter-plots, and naturally Alexis has made enemies. He has been charged with cruelty in the shooting of prisoners when he came into power, with undue severity to his enemies, and with financial greed; but these things are only too common in Hayti, and Alexis seems to have been an improvement in some ways over his predecessors. At all events, Hayti is better off financially than San Domingo; she pays the interest on her bonds, welcomes foreigners, and has no serious quarrels externally. In the interior the natives are barbarous and superstitious, and there have been frequent but disputed assertions of the existence of horrible rites of Voodooism and child-sacrifice. During the exciting scenes of last week the foreign Ministers and naval commanders took a perfectly correct attitude; they abstained from interfering, but gave out notice that pillage, attacks on private property or on foreigners, and executions without trial would not be tolerated. After the escape of Alexis became known, mobs of criminals and partisans swept through the streets, attacked the houses of the friends of the fallen President, and began

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to loot the shops. A Haytian officer, however, organized a band of soldiers and citizens, met the rioters and killed several and dispersed the rest by one volley. Thereafter a reasonable degree of good order existed throughout the week. Alexis was certainly a striking figure—his color was of the darkest; he was over six feet in height; once a man of powerful build, he is now described as a "mass of mere bones, shrunken until almost nothing is left." When he was a boy he lived in the court of the famous Emperor Christophe, a forceful barbarian, who committed suicide after a reign of terror almost indescribable. It was, we believe, however, Christophe's predecessor who created seventy dukes, among whom, it has been asserted, were the Duke of Marmalade and the Duke of Lemonade. With this queer *opera bouffe* background, it is rather surprising that Alexis showed as much intelligence, independence, and public spirit as he did. He has always had under way plans of civil improvement, and has at least hunted down those grafters who were guilty of the double offense of robbing the government and supporting his rivals. Whether General Simon will make a better President is purely problematical. What is certain is that he will have to contend with the intrigues and combinations of several feverish political parties, each of which exists apparently solely to further the claims of some man who aims to be military dictator in fact and President in name.

THE LORDS REJECT THE LICENSING BILL

Long-drawn-out sessions have been the rule at Westminster since the Liberals came into power in 1905. These long sessions have been due to the fact that during the ten or eleven years during which the Conservative party was in power social legislation fell much into arrears, especially in the last term of the Salisbury and Balfour Government, when public attention was focused on the South African War. It was with the intention of making up some of the arrears that the extra session was held this year; and the bill amending the licensing law was the measure on which the House of Commons was exclusively engaged from the beginning of the present session until the last week in November. The Licensing Bill passed through its second reading stage at the ordinary session, which came to an end in August. The principle of the measure was then accepted by a large majority in the House of Commons, and at the later session details were threshed out in committee, and the measure sent to the Lords. Its rejection by a vote of 276 to 96, when it came on for second reading, means that all the hard, continuous work on the bill by the House of Commons now goes for nothing. It will be useless during the existence of the present Parliament to send another measure embodying the same reforms to the House of Lords. The Lords have boldly and uncompromisingly served notice on the Liberal Government, and on its supporters in the constituencies, that they will not be a party to such sweeping amendments to the licensing system as were embodied in Mr. Asquith's bill; and except for what the Asquith Government may effect of licensing reform by a financial measure which the Lords cannot amend, and which they may be compelled to accept, a deadlock has ensued on the licensing question, which cannot be broken until after the next general election. The licensing system in England is the most complicated and cumbersome in the English-speaking world. It includes several classes of licenses, and under it a large class of cheap public-houses enjoy special statutory privileges dating from 1869. These public-houses came into existence during an era of free trade in the retailing of beer, between 1829 and 1869. The system is further complicated by the ownership of the majority of the public-houses by the numerous great brewing companies, all politically powerful, and the relations which exist between these companies and the tenants and managers of their houses.

THE REFORMS THE BILL WAS TO EFFECT

All that need be said concerning the rejected bill is that it aimed at a gradual decrease in the number of drinking-shops, and provided

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that at the end of fourteen years from April, 1909, all remaining licenses were practically to revert to the Government; and it was then to be open to residents in the various local governing areas to determine by vote whether they would go on a local option basis. The granting of licenses after 1923 was to continue as now in the hands of the local magistrates, who are appointed by the Home Office; but on a two-thirds vote it was to have been possible for any ward in a city to serve notice on the licensing magistrates that no public-houses were to be continued within its limits. Another important provision affected the sale of liquor on Sundays. In provincial England, public-houses after 1909 were to be open for only three hours on Sunday. In London they were to be open for four hours. These were among the more important clauses of the bill as regards its social aspects; for under the existing system drink is sold in England on Sundays during the whole day except during the hours of worship of the Established Church; and in London and the great urban centers of provincial England there is more outward squalor and drunkenness among women as well as among men on Sunday than on any other day of the week. Many of the minor provisions of the bill made for social betterment; as, for instance, the total exclusion of children under the age of fourteen from public-houses. But the great and wide-spreading brewery interest—an interest with many ancient privileges and aristocratic connections, and one everywhere allied closely with the landed interests—an interest, too, that for three generations past has taken as its motto "Our trade is our politics"—is strongly intrenched in the House of Lords. The beer interest is so powerful in that chamber that it did not need much whipping up of absentee peers by Lord Rothschild, who headed the opposition, to secure the rejection of the bill. The Asquith Government made many concessions as the Licensing Bill was going through the Commons. It abandoned a clause prohibiting the employment of women as barmaids; and it made other concessions safeguarding the financial interests of the brewery companies. But, as was the case with Mr. Birrell's Education Bill of 1906, these concessions were of no avail with the House of Lords. The Bishops voted with the Government; otherwise the minority in favor of the bill would not have reached 96, for there are not more than 70 Liberal peers among the 606 members of the House of Lords.

THE PERSIAN RULER VS. THE PERSIAN PEOPLE

Two extraordinary events have occurred in Persia. A few days ago, its ruler, Shah Mohammed Ali Mirza, suddenly proclaimed that his people should not longer enjoy the Constitution signed on January 1, 1907, by his predecessor, and countersigned by himself. "We are prepared," he says, "to redeem our promise and convoke a Parliament, but we learn from the assembled representatives of the people that they do not want a Constitution. . . . The clergy and ecclesiastics having recognized that the establishment of a Parliament would conflict with laws of Islam, we have decided that for the future under no pretext shall such a Parliament be established." The Shah's action excited little surprise, as he has been a notorious reactionary. His father was more liberally inclined. The present Shah was the first Persian to begin his rule under a Constitution. For centuries the government of Persia was an absolute monarchy. In 1905 the Persian people made such strenuous demands for representative institutions, enforcing their demands by arms, that by January, 1906, the Shah had conceded a Parliament to the people. Representatives to Parliament were elected in October of that year, and their election was followed, a few weeks later, by the signing of the Constitution. The Shah may easily have secured a gathering of clerical reactionaries to ask him to do as he has done. In this, however, he could hardly count upon the compliance of the two Powers which had shown themselves particularly friendly to Persia, namely, England and Russia, for those Powers had warned him against trifling with the public will, as expressed in the uprising of 1905 and in the civil war

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which rages to-day. When the Shah turned traitor to that expression of public opinion, the Anglo-Russian protest took the form, not of identical notes, as hitherto, but of a joint note. The note brought the reactionary monarch to rescind his proclamation. He is evidently a disconcerting compound of violence and timidity. England and Russia have thus secured greater power than ever among the Persian people, and have relegated the monarch to a proportionately less influential position in the world's most ancient empire.

THE EFFECT IN INDIA

These events in Persia have had a notable result in the neighboring countries, India and Turkey, where the natives have long been in a condition of serious unrest. In India the Government expressed itself regarding the unrest in the trial and condemnation of Tilak, the most prominent among the native agitators. Many English and American critics regret the severity of the sentence of deportation, but there is no doubt as to the necessity of asserting the imperial authority. Not since the Mutiny, half a century ago, have there been so many examples of sedition as have occurred during the past few months. Last week, for instance, a Bengali tried to kill the Public Prosecutor with a bomb, and last month a native made an attempt on the life of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The Bengalis used to be looked upon as the meekest race on earth. That they have thus changed, and that the other races of India are also changing, is due to a variety of causes. Outside of India they have seen another Oriental race, the Japanese, enter upon constitutional government; they have seen them successful in war with China and then with Russia; they have seen their own rulers, the English, enter into an alliance with these Japanese. They have seen Persia and Turkey throw off Oriental oppression and institute representative governments. And now, when a reactionary monarch would resort to absolutism, a popular upheaval, which has the sympathy of the civilized world, forces his hand. The natives of India, recalling an ancient civilization, ask themselves why they are less worthy of representative government than their neighbors, the Persians. They recognize, it is true, the fact that they enjoy infinitely greater opportunities of education, of social, economic, and political improvement, than they did under the former native rule. But, while grateful for these advantages, they want more. Clever agitators, by dwelling upon sundry exhibitions of supposed British superciliousness and indifference, have inflamed their imaginations by declaring that Englishmen will never treat Indian political and especially Indian social conditions as entitling the natives to full representative government. A fortnight ago Edward VII announced that there would be an improvement in this direction, but the particulars were withheld. The Secretary of State for India, Lord Morley, deserves the sympathies of all in this crisis. Himself more of an "anti-imperialist" than any of his colleagues, he may be depended upon to deal more generously with the natives than have his predecessors. He has already given evidence of this in admitting two natives to the Council which advises him in London. But he is firm in maintaining Imperial authority in the peninsula, and without such maintenance there could be little hope for that peninsula's present civilization.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

Delegates representing officially eighteen millions of people and indirectly some millions more have been gathered last week and this week in Philadelphia. These are the chosen representatives of over thirty Protestant denominations. They constituted there the first meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. If they had done nothing but assemble as an organic body, they would have still made an inerasable addition to the annals of American Protestant Christianity. Now for the first time the Protestant churches of the United States are acting in official concert. The few denominations which are not now included will, we hope, in time find themselves within this federation. The

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Federal Council is the product of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation held three years ago in New York. On that occasion the plan was drafted and adopted by delegates from the various religious bodies; but it did not, could not, go into operation until it was ratified by the denominations themselves. The ratification, which has been all but unanimous, established the organization. This meeting at Philadelphia, therefore, is the first assembling of denominations already federated. In other words, the federation is an existing thing, and this meeting is its first act. The Chairman of the Inter-Church Conference, Dr. William H. Roberts, former Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, presided until Bishop E. R. Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was chosen President of the Council and took the chair. The executive duties of the Council fall to the office of Corresponding Secretary; to this office has been chosen the Rev. Dr. E. B. Sanford, of New York, who has had experience in a similar capacity while serving the Conference which brought this Council into existence. Between the quadrennial meetings the work of the Council will be done by an executive committee, consisting of these two officers, all ex-presidents, the recording secretary, the treasurer, and one representative from each of the constituent bodies, with an additional one for each five hundred thousand communicants or major fraction thereof. Moreover, the Council voted to proceed with plans for securing "effective office and field service," and "to provide for a district superintendence that will establish at least four offices in strategic centers of population representing different sections of the country." This Council, therefore, is not proposing to become a body for the mere passage of resolutions and the making of speeches; it is setting up machinery for the doing of work. In that fact lies the hope of its success. Church union will come through co-operation in service. Doctrine and polity are fruitful causes of division; but the giving of sight to the blind, the deliverance of those that are oppressed, the healing of those that are bruised, not only bless those that are served, but unite those that render the service. This fact has been discovered by foreign missionaries. In Japan and China and India the cause of unity among denominations has progressed far beyond the point which it has reached among the churches in America. Indeed, at the Council those who represented foreign missions were ready for action looking toward the ultimate elimination of denominational distinctions, which took the breath away from the representatives of the sluggish churches at home. The wise and vigorous speeches of Dr. Barton, of the Congregational Board, Dr. Lloyd, of the Episcopal Board, and Mr. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, did much to enlighten the delegates as to the possibilities which lie in the momentous task before them. And the facts presented by representatives of State Federations, showing what had actually been accomplished in this country, made it plain that those possibilities are no more remote than the people of the churches wish to make them.

A NOTABLE RECTORSHIP

The Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church in New York City, celebrated his seventieth birthday on September 20, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to the rectorship of Grace Church last week; and, on the ground of his years and his long service, made an effort to resign his position. His congregation responded with a protest, which was so spontaneous and affectionate as to be almost indignant, and the vestry of the church unanimously requested the rector to withdraw his resignation, informing him at the same time that the only evidence of failing vigor they had been able to discover in him was his endeavor to retire from a position and a work which have become so thoroughly incarnated in his spirit, temperament, and methods as to seem almost inseparable from his winning, persuasive, and effective personality. It is not an impertinence, since the fact has already been publicly reported, to record the fact that an unofficial movement to present

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Dr. Huntington with the sum of $25,000 immediately passed the $40,000 mark; and on the day of his anniversary a check representing this joyful expression of the affection and devotion of the parish was placed under his plate. Dr. Huntington is at the height of his remarkable career; a career which shows that it lies in the hand of a man of character, ability, and courage to create his own conditions and do his work in his own way, no matter what the surroundings may be. Grace Church stands at a point where the traffic of Broadway and the tides of life which pass up and down that great thoroughfare seem always congested; where the tumult and haste of the metropolis seem to reach their high-water mark. And in the vortex Dr. Huntington has made a place of peace; and, serenely oblivious of the distractions of the city, its competitions and ambitions, has steadily and calmly for a quarter of a century preached the Gospel of his Master, exemplified his spirit, and carried on the work of a parish which, in its magnitude, variety, and efficiency, is hardly surpassed in the country. Grace Church was once regarded by the country at large as a "fashionable church." As a matter of fact, Grace Church, although including a large number of families of means and social prominence, is a center of tireless industry; an example not only of the religion which is interpreted on high intellectual levels and with power of presentation, but also with sympathetic and skillful adaptation to the needs and conditions of all classes in a great city.

A TRAGEDY OF POWER AND GLOOM

"The Servant in the House," Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's symbolic play, was the most interesting event of the last dramatic season in New York; its continuance through the entire season and into the present year made it one of the most successful. Mr. Kennedy's second play of a group of seven which he has projected for the same seven actors (or their equivalents) was produced last week. "The Servant in the House" was a modern drama, with a story interesting in itself running parallel with a symbolic presentation of the idea of the brotherhood of man. "The Winterfeast" is a tragedy; its scene is laid in Iceland in the eleventh century; it has for its central motive hate. It is the story of a lie, born of hate, and the consequences of destruction and desolation which it brought forth. The lie was told twenty years before the opening of the play. Thorkel, an old Viking, had a son and a foster son, the one a *skald*, a poet and singer of songs, the other a warrior. Both loved one woman, the warrior in silence, the *skald* in song and wooing. But Herdisa loved Bjorn, the warrior, though he had said never a word of affection to her. Thorkel organized an expedition to the newly discovered Vineland, for which, to his chagrin, Bjorn volunteered, while the poet-son Valbrand stayed at home. On the eve of the departure Herdisa declared her love for Bjorn by giving him the ring from her arm. The expedition sailed away, and only the old Viking returned of all the band. He brought with him a message from his foster son to Herdisa, a word of scorn, hoping thus to turn her affection towards his own son Valbrand. That was the lie. The girl, outraged by the contemptuous rejection of her offered love, married Valbrand. Twenty years later the drama opens with Ufeig, the crafty priest, inspired by long hatred of the old Viking, revealing to Thorkel that he knows the lie, and telling him that Bjorn has returned. He compels Thorkel to tell his son of the lie which had won him his wife; and it is agreed that Herdisa must not know of it. With the return of Bjorn the harvest of destruction raised from the single seed of falsehood begins to be reaped. Brother is set against brother; the woman, without knowledge of the truth, finds her soul torn between love for the man who she believes has scorned her and loyalty to the husband who, for her sake, has transformed himself from the *skald* into the warrior; the price of hatred is exacted even from the innocent children—Swanhild, the daughter of Valbrand and Herdisa, and Olaf, the son of Bjorn and a "red woman" who had saved his life in Vineland. The drama ends with the old

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Viking, the author of the lie, alone, surrounded by the ruins of his household, with only his ancient enemy the priest alive to bear him company. The drama is powerful, compelling to the emotions, thrilling to the imagination. It is constructed with fidelity to the dramatic art. Every situation in the play grows naturally out of the elements which go before it. Mr. Kennedy bestows the most careful attention on even the smallest details of his craft, and this drama, like "The Servant in the House," is marked by the greatest reverence for the artistic ideal. Mr. Kennedy chooses to return to the unities of the Greek drama. There is but one scene, and the time which the action occupies on the stage is the same as that which the events it portrays are supposed to have taken in real life. On the literary side the play is equally worthy of praise. If the language does not rise to the highest poetic quality, it moves steadily on an elevated plane of elegance, imagination, and force. The play is well conceived, well constructed, and well written. But the tragedy is too overwhelming, the gloom too much unbroken, the emotional strain too long continued. There is but one moment of relief in the three hours' action. The love scene between Swanhild and Olaf is charming, with delicate touches of naturalness and humor. But aside from this brief interval the emotions have no rest. The play itself suffers by having no spot where the action relaxes in order to move forward again with greater power and effect. It would be improved also by compression in the later scenes. The action is delayed by the text and the interest allowed to flag. On the acting side the presentation is marked by competent work on the part of all the characters, and acting which rises nearly to the point of greatness on the part of one. Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison, who is the wife of Mr. Kennedy, portrayed Herdisa with consummate art, giving expression to the emotions of love, maternal affection, scorn, despair, with passion and force, but with dignity and restraint. "The Winterfeast" need not be seen by those in quest only of entertainment; but students of the drama and those who want to see the workings of fundamental principles of morality and human nature depicted in dramatic form will find much in this play to feed upon.

A GREAT MODERN CHORAL WORK

For the second time the Oratorio Society of New York performed last week Wolf-Ferrari's great choral work, "La Vita Nuova." It is not necessary to apologize for the opinion that this noble composition is worthy to be measured by Bach's choral works. Indeed, although it is by no means an imitation, it shows on its face that it is the product of one who understands and loves Bach. At the same time it contains harmonies and utilizes instrumentation that would have been impossible without the advance that has been made in modern music. Who is the composer? A young man, who to-day is only thirty-two, and who when he composed this was only twenty-five. Born of a German father and an Italian mother, a native of Venice, where he received his early education, a close student of Bach and Beethoven, a pupil of Rheinberger, the famous teacher of Munich, a dweller since 1893 in Venice, and since 1903 Director of the Conservatory Benedetto-Marcello in Venice, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari has a heritage of musical wealth from the two nations of Europe which are richest in musical traditions. Wolf-Ferrari's Cantata, based on Dante's volume, which recounts his joy, his grief, his meditations, and his exultation in his love for Beatrice, expresses the widest range of emotions, from the serenity of meditative love and the celestial joy of angelic spirits to the poignancy of almost despairing grief and the reverence of a profound faith. It is written for a double chorus, with a separate choir of boys, an orchestra with "as many strings as possible," and including an organ and a pianoforte, and two soloists, a baritone and a soprano. In form it does not follow the recent evolution of oratorio, as exemplified for example by Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which expresses a practically continuous dramatic development; it retains, rather, the division into separated numbers, which are grouped together into

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two parts, with a prologue and an epilogue. On the other hand, it does not revert to the old, set forms of alternating recitative, aria, and chorus. In one respect Wolf-Ferrari's restraint is notable. Obviously a master of instrumentation, he has refrained from reveling in kaleidoscopic orchestral changes. On the contrary, like Bach, he generally retains throughout a number practically the same general orchestral coloring with which he begins. Some of his orchestral effects are of unique beauty—we doubt whether the way he uses the pianoforte as an orchestral instrument, for example, can be paralleled. His mastery of choral writing is equally notable. And he shows his Italian inheritance by his writing for solo voices, which is always vocal. He is never daring for the sake of a sensation, but when he has in mind an effect which he wishes to produce he is as bold as any modern composer. His composition demonstrates the vitality of modern music, and indicates that the unwholesome tendencies of many recent composers are not the only tendencies of the day. We wish that Mr. Frank Damrosch might receive the gratitude that he deserves for enabling lovers of good music in this country to hear this extraordinary example of modern musical art.

THE PRESIDENT ON INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

The compromiser between contending factions seeks to find out what is the minimum which will satisfy the demand of each and to bring them together in an agreement upon that minimum. Mr. Roosevelt's method is different. He examines, generally with care, the claims of each party, decides what is in his judgment just in each claim, and then advocates with all his vigor—and his vigor is considerable—that claim of justice. He is never neutral; he is never impartial. He never stands on the center of the beam where the oscillations are the least; he jumps in with all his weight first upon one side of the scale, then upon the other. It is this habit of his which makes his writings always interesting—and valuable. It is this which makes him ardent friends—and bitter enemies. This characteristic is strikingly illustrated by his last Message, which might be entitled The Path to Industrial Democracy. It is a pity that Congress does not devise some method by which such documents as this could be distributed through the post-office to all citizens who care enough for them to pay a modest sum, say enough for postage. In the absence of such provision we recommend our readers to write to their Congressmen for copies. They will find it very interesting reading. Our synopsis of it here given is necessarily inadequate.

The Federal Government has absolute authority over all instruments of inter-State commerce. It ought not to use this authority to prevent combinations. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law is worse than folly. For it should be substituted a law to permit combinations but to bring them under the control of law. Such a law should regulate the issue of securities as well as the fixing of rates, and should require approval by the Inter-State Commerce Commission of every proposed combination and publicity of its details. The rights of railways should be as carefully protected as the rights of shippers or travelers. Rates should not be made so low as to necessitate reducing wages or just salaries, or denying fair compensation to the stockholders.

The old argument against such control, based on the claim that individualism in business must not be interfered with by government, no longer carries much weight. But there are still those who fear centralization and appeal to the rights of the States. The movement for Federal control does not represent centralization. Centralization has already come. It is here—in business. The only way it can be made to serve the interest of the people is by the National Government. The States cannot do it. The more far-sighted corporations are themselves coming to recognize this truth—the truth that the Nation's highways must be conducted in the interest of the Nation.

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And then follows this statement, which The Outlook emphasizes because it embodies the true issue of the present movement, as far removed from individualism on the one hand as from Socialism on the other:

"WE DO NOT OBJECT TO THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH AND ADMINISTRATION; BUT WE DO BELIEVE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WEALTH IN PROFITS TO THE REAL OWNERS, AND IN SECURING TO THE PUBLIC THE FULL BENEFIT OF THE CONCENTRATED ADMINISTRATION.

"To accomplish this, means of course a certain increase in the use of—not the creation of—power, by the Central Government." In this there is small danger. Danger lies not in the concentration of power in responsible and accountable hands; for such power is palpable, visible, easily reached, quickly held to account. It lies in power scattered through many men who work behind others, and which therefore is impalpable, unseen, not easily held to account. The result of this government control, to be ever held in view, is an industrial status in which the workers, by hand and by brain, "shall own a far greater share than at present of the wealth they produce, and be enabled to invest it in the tools and instruments by which all work is carried on; . . . a larger share in the ownership by wage-workers of railway, mill, and factory," and, in farming, the ownership of the farms by the men who cultivate them. Increase of small stockholders, adequate protection of their rights against stock gamblers of every description, postal savings banks facilitating the accumulation and protection of capital by the common people, encouragement of industrial education, lightening taxes on the men of small means, a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes, all tend in this direction. Auxiliary to this great social movement is adequate provision of remuneration for employees injured in the course of their employment, a matter in which our Government is behind European Governments. We ought to lead; in fact we bring up the rear.

Not less important is improvement in the personnel and the procedure of our courts. The salaries of judges should be increased; those of the United States Supreme Court should be doubled. The demand of certain labor leaders for special labor legislation is adverse to the real interests of labor. Their unjust attack upon the judiciary created hostility to the reforms which are really needed—"because it gave the champions of the unjust judge their eagerly desired opportunity to shift their ground into a championship of just judges who were unjustly assailed." Their attacks were unjust; their demands for class legislation unreasonable and unprincipled. Nevertheless, it is true that reactionary judges are partly responsible for this radical attack. New conditions in civilization create new wrongs and call for new remedies. "What would have been an infringement upon liberty half a century ago may be the necessary safeguard of liberty to-day." The judges who lag behind in their understanding of modern conditions become instruments of real injustice. The power to grant injunctions should not be denied to the courts. "During the last ten years at least fifty injunctions have been obtained by labor unions in New York City alone." But the power should be more cautiously exercised and more carefully guarded. But, above all, the rights of humanity ought not to be denied under guise of protecting a liberty which is often merely academic; and while the courts should be stanchly upheld when they protect the minority against the tyranny of the majority, "they are to be blamed when they fail to recognize, under a government like ours, the deliberate judgment of the majority as to a matter of legitimate policy when duly expressed by the legislature."

The latter half of the President's Message is taken up with special recommendations on special subjects, some of them, such as the Forests and the Inland Waterways, of great importance. These subjects certainly, these recommendations perhaps, The Outlook will discuss hereafter. Here we confine ourselves to what is most important, the first half of the Message, which we may not inaptly call an Essay on Industrial Democracy—the dangers which threaten

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it, the first steps to be taken toward realizing it, and the obstacles to its accomplishment. How thoroughly The Outlook agrees with the end which the President seeks to accomplish, the means he proposes for its accomplishment, and the spirit in which he deals with his theme, the past history of The Outlook sufficiently attests.

MILTON AFTER THREE CENTURIES

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.
—*William Wordsworth.*

John Milton was born in Bread Street, London, on the 9th day of December, 1608; at the end of three centuries the fierce strife in which he participated and the bitter hatred it engendered against him have historic interest only, while the man stands next to Shakespeare among the makers of English literature. Nor does his great fame show any sign of coming eclipse; it is a small matter that much of the structure of thought built into "Paradise Lost," like much of the structure of thought built into the "Divine Comedy," has crumbled under the disintegating touch of time, with its broadening vision and its larger ideals; but in the later as in the earlier form, majesty of theme, greatness of idea, and unsurpassed vigor of imagination have preserved these kindred works of genius intact. Dante stands with Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe in the first rank; Milton stands with Sophocles, Schiller, Wordsworth, in the second rank; but in the application of great ideas to life and in sustained power of style Milton has never been surpassed.

In the mind of English-speaking peoples it has been the good fortune of the author of "Paradise Lost" to be associated with two of the chief textbooks in the language—the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress"—and to be wrought into the racial consciousness as a great religious force. The theology in which the poet was bred was rigid, partialistic, and divisive; but it was rooted in the fundamental truth of the sovereignty of God and the sovereignty of man in obedience to the will of God. It was an iron faith in an iron age, and it made men of heroic stature; dead as a system of thought, an interpretation of God to man, it still glows with life in Milton's great epic, and passes, as other faiths have passed, out of the region of fact into the keeping of poetry, which has the power to bestow immortality.

Milton survives his age and the passing of the Puritan view of life as a poet, and will live, not in his theology, but in the organ-tones of his art. To him in a special sense belongs the word sublime; and if illustrations of that quality are needed, it is out of his work that the lines instantly report themselves. His was the loneliness of the prophet, and his the prophet's strength and eloquence. Lover of beauty that he was, drinking deep from the ancient fountains in the last hours of the Renaissance, he was to his own time a high priest of the heavenly mysteries and a daring apostle of liberty. The purity and passion which, in Carlyle's view, made Schiller a priest among poets, made Milton a great and lonely singer when the storm of Revolution was sullenly dying in the distance, and a neglected and blind old age was awaiting him. Touching the politics of his time in a secondary position, he was its most eloquent and passionate apostle of freedom. A certain loftiness of style matches the greatness of the convictions for which he stood and the nobility of the functions he discharged; standing close to the great Protector, at a time when England suddenly became the central figure on the European stage, his was more than once the voice of England in great crises.

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And yet, first and last, in genius, language, and service, Milton was and will remain a poet. He was born to the happiest Puritan conditions of culture and refinement; he was one of the illustrious company of the masters of verse who have studied in Cambridge, and the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" shows how far he had gone in the practice of his art while in early youth at the University. When he left the old town, six years of quiet study were still before him; he made friends with the masters of classical poetry, and he wrote poetry of classical quality, for to this period belong "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," and "Comus." If he had died then his fame would have been secure, for he had written one of the best lyrics, two of the best idyls, and the best elegy in English poetry. He was singularly beautiful in person; the fertilizing touch of the Renaissance was on his imagination; he was at ease in a world of thought and beauty; and the morning heard the sweetest of his songs, his purest music. God had instilled into him, he wrote, "a vehement love of the beautiful."

Then came the visit to Italy, the Mecca of young Englishmen of genius from the time of Surrey, who brought one of its most subtle musical forms home to be shaped to noble uses by Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth. He saw famous cities and met famous men and made famous friends; for he was beautiful and full of dignity, and the stamp of greatness was on him. The rising storm called him home, but during seven years of increasing tumult he was a teacher, with a few boys, a great company of books, and a quiet garden. Then the storm broke, and for two decades life, in his home and in his country, took the place of poetry and made him the minister of its immediate work. Four years he devoted to the duties of Private Secretary to the Council, writing despatches, conducting diplomatic affairs, meeting men of distinction from all parts of Europe, and becoming himself a figure of high importance. At forty-five he was totally blind; at fifty-two, on the restoration of the monarchy, he became a fugitive, hiding from the hatred that broke like a great blaze on the defeated Puritans. He narrowly escaped an ignominious death; but life had great things in store for him.

Exiled in his own country, poor, neglected, and forgotten, the "blind old schoolmaster," as Dryden called him, was left alone in a world of meditation, to emerge at the end with the light of immortality on his stricken figure. The visions that haunted him in those years passed out of the custody of his imagination into that of the world in "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." In the first the poet was in full possession of all his qualities, and the poem has a noble harmony of thought, imagination, and art; structure, substance, and form wrought into beautiful unity in a long hour of inspiration. In "Paradise Regained" there is a slackening of the creative impulse; and in "Samson" the pathos of his own fate touched the lines with a severity unsoftened by the earlier feeling for beauty. In his loneliness and blindness the poet showed, however, qualities of nature as great as those which he put into his work; out of his fiery trial came quiet faith, and his dauntless strength was changed to sweetness.

The note of Milton's life and work is greatness. He was not without faults on a scale as large as his nature; he could hardly have been an easy person to live with; but there was about him that majesty which men accept as a higher interpretation of life. In his beautiful youth; in the loveliness of the morning when his voice matched in sweetness the divinest songs to which men have listened; in his fruitful year of wandering; in the stormy energy of his public career; in his lonely and neglected age, he wears greatness as a garment; and three centuries after his birth he stands like a mountain whose ruggedness is softened by floods of light. "Paradise Lost" is not for an idle hour; it has not the flow of a rhymed story which bears the reader easily on its smooth current. Whoever keeps company with Milton must bring his best thought, his keenest concentration, to the interview. He awakens, energizes, liberates the imagination. If he

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were living to-day, with what splendor he would invest the movements and achievements of modern men! Unimpressed by mass and bulk, but quick to see the dignity of heroic toil and daring enterprise, the interior majesty of the struggle of the human spirit to liberate itself and humanize society, he would have been great enough to unseal our blind eyes to the majesty of the soul when it walks, erect and undismayed, the lonely way of righteousness and service.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
—*John Milton.*

MR. ROOT'S TRIUMPH

Last week Elihu Root, Secretary of State, signed a declaration of the American Government's policy regarding the Far East. The event represents the second chapter in the diplomatic history of our relations with China and Japan—a region which will doubtless affect our diplomacy more largely than will any other during the next quarter of a century.

In 1900 John Hay, Secretary of State, wrote the first chapter. Alone of foreign secretaries, at a time when the Chinese Government had sunk to a low ebb of civilization and had become the football of the nations, he courageously insisted upon the administrative and commercial integrity of that Government. He declared himself flatly opposed to the "spheres of influence" policy and to the trade-protection policy, which, if allowed to continue, would have choked the Empire's life-breath. Mr. Hay made a declaration of our Government's policy to all the other Governments interested, and obtained their formal assent under their own signatures. From that declaration not only has our Government never swerved, but our consistency as well as our original declaration has, we believe, encouraged other Governments to pursue a liberal policy toward China. If it had not been for John Hay, China would have been partitioned to-day.

A similar declaration of policy—broader, not narrower, as has been reported—has now been made by John Hay's successor, Elihu Root. The version surmised by the daily press in advance of the State Department's public pronouncement included a "mutual pledge" and a "mutual guarantee." The real text contains, as our readers will see, no such language. It reads as follows:

I. It is the wish of the two Governments to encourage the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

II. The policy of both Governments, uninfluenced by any aggressive tendencies, is directed to the maintenance of the existing *status quo* in the region above mentioned, and to the defense of the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China.

III. They are accordingly firmly resolved reciprocally to respect the territorial possessions belonging to each other in said region.

IV. They are also determined to preserve the common interests of all Powers in China by supporting, by all pacific means at their disposal, the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that Empire.

V. Should any event occur threatening the *status quo* as above described, or the principle of equal opportunity as above defined, it remains for the two Governments to communicate with each other, in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it useful to take.

This is not a treaty. A treaty is a legal contract between two nations. It binds both parties to it in international law. The breach of such a treaty may be a cause of war. Under present conditions it might be a legitimate subject to be brought before the Hague Tribunal. Under our Constitution it can be entered into only with the advice and consent of the Senate. The declaration now made by Japan and the United States binds neither nation. It is

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not subscribed to by either nation. It has no more *legal* effect than a similar declaration by any two citizens. It is simply an official declaration by men occupying the highest stations in their respective Governments of their understanding of the spirit which animates and the purpose which will guide both nations in their future policy. If, now, a fire-eating journal of America undertakes to interpret American public sentiment as hostile to Japan and a Japanese fire-eating journal uses this to inflame Japanese sentiment against America, the antidote has been provided beforehand. The object of this mutual declaration is, as we trust its effect will be, to render each country immune from the poison of international jealousy and suspicion. We can hardly believe that either Senatorial pride or partisan prejudice will lead to any serious attack upon the declaration. We are quite certain that no such attack, if it should come, would be taken seriously by the country.

This mutual declaration represents the culmination of a plan inspired more than two years ago by Mr. Root. Americans and Japanese alike may congratulate themselves at its present happy outcome, for the great body of Americans and the great body of Japanese wish each other well. Certain events, however, have inflamed the imaginations of the Jingoes on either side of the Pacific. On this side there was the denial to Japanese children of admission to the ordinary primary schools of San Francisco. On the other side there were the reports from certain supposedly responsible sources of a violation by Japan of the "open door" principle of trade in Manchuria, which she had sworn to uphold. Neither of these things was permitted even temporarily to bring between the two Governments an interruption of friendly relations. Both Governments have been actuated by a vivid consciousness of the relations which must exist between them, symbolized by the monument at Kurihama, in Japan, to Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. It was raised by the Japanese upon the site where he landed and opened negotiations for the first treaty Japan ever made with a Western Power. The first article of that treaty provided that "there shall be a perfect, permanent, and universal peace and a sincere and cordial amity between the United States of America on the one part, and the Empire of Japan on the other part." The declaration of last week is an appropriate sequence to the Perry treaty.

It links with Perry's name the name of Elihu Root, whose course has also done much to promote, on an honorable basis of mutual respect, our relations with Japan. At the first annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, of which Mr. Root is President, he declared, speaking of the school question: "It was not a question of war with Japan. All the foolish talk about war was purely sensational and imaginative. There was never even friction between the two Governments." But "what was to be the effect upon that proud, sensitive, highly civilized people across the Pacific of the discourtesy, insult, imputations of inferiority and abuse aimed at them in the columns of American newspapers and from the platforms of American public meetings? What would be the effect upon our own people of the responses that natural resentment for such treatment would elicit from the Japanese? . . . Were the two peoples to face each other across the Pacific in future years with angry and resentful feelings? . . . The great question which overshadowed all discussion of the treaty of 1894 was the question: Are the people of the United States about to break friendship with the people of Japan? That question, I believe, has been happily answered in the negative." But behind the school problem there persisted a doubt in many minds on both sides of the Pacific concerning the real intentions of each Government; first, respecting the territorial possessions of the other; and, second, concerning China's commercial integrity. "A friendly commercial rivalry," to use the words of Count Komura, the Japanese Foreign Minister, "must always exist between Japanese and Americans." By last week's exchange of notes, however, the two Governments have shown that, so far as in them lies, the rivalry shall never be other than friendly.

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THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator is going to share with his readers a surprise which he had last summer, as delightful a little experience as has ever befallen him. All day long he had roamed the side of a mountain in New England. He had had a glorious time, had seen many wonders, dreamed many dreams; but he was tired at last and thirsty, and he could not find a spring. So he approached the edge of the forest and looked below him for some sign of human habitation. He had thought himself near a village, but there was nothing beneath his feet but the steep, rocky slope of a pasture and a narrow strip of open valley, with wooded hills beyond.

"A beautiful prospect," thought the Spectator, grateful for this one more boon to the eyes of the lavish day; "but there is no tin dipper in it." Then he paused suddenly, looked with keenness at a red speck on the side of the hill beneath him, a little above the valley, and made out the appearance of a small house nestling on the edge of the lower woods. At once he of course then swung away down over the pasture towards it. A sufficiently humble little abode it seemed to be as it took shape before the Spectator's rapid approach. Hardly a farm-house—there was not enough cultivated land about it for that; perhaps a wood-chopper's home, or the home of some "widow lady" of small independent means. A home of some sort it certainly was; its hidden life decked its red outer walls with a significance which in turn decked the Spectator's heels with wings. He had never known any little house so to allure and beckon.

The Spectator is pretty well acquainted with the various types of New England country folk and with the interiors of their houses. He thought he knew perfectly what to expect of the domicile below him. Either the bareness of poverty, with perhaps some "shiftless" disorder; or a too complete furnishing, with marble-topped tables, plush rocking-chairs mounted on springs, chromos and lithographs. The front door stood open on a sort of unfinished terrace. Now, country people do not as a rule go in for terraces, but the Spectator was too tired to notice the point or draw any fine conclusions from it. He clambered up the ungraded bank, rounded the corner, and —here is where the surprise comes in. How long he stood gazing in at that door he has not the least idea.

The Spectator has since wondered what it was that dealt him the first shock of amazement. Was it the soft rugs on the floor, or the Rembrandt head above the fireplace? Was it the solid wall of books on the other side of the little room, or the piano, or the deep couch with its sofa pillows? Prohably it was no single detail, but the whole effect of thought and culture, of love for the finer issues of life which, all too unfortunately, we have come to associate with cities and towns and not with mountain sides.

"Well!" said the Spectator at last, to himself. "Well, by the Great Horn Spoon!"

The room was deserted except for a cat curled comfortably on the couch; but it invited so potently that the Spectator would doubtless have entered had he not been forestalled by the lifting of a portière and the entrance of a young woman. She looked at the Spectator a moment—a little surprised, too, one may suppose—and the Spectator, lifting his cap, looked back at her. Then again the portière stirred, and this time a young man entered the room beside his wife.

How is the Spectator going to transmit the impression those two joyous-eyed young people made upon him? Dressed for the woods and for hardy dealing with primitive country life, featured and voiced for libraries and witty dinner tables, here in this little red box of a house, on a lonely mountain side, with their books and their pictures about them—what a bewildering puzzle! They invited him in, and they introduced themselves with perfect simplicity. Does not the reader wish the Spectator would share this second surprise with him?

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"What? Not—?" he stammered, delighted.

"Why, yes," they laughed, much amused.

That was a splendid moment.

Then there followed a splendid hour of such intercourse as comes the way of any spectator all too rarely. Seated on the couch beside the cat, with first his drink of water and then a cup of afternoon tea, the Spectator was favored with the outline of as refreshing and invigorating a bit of human history as he has ever known. "They are really doing it," he repeated to himself now and again, with the sadly significant, wistful surprise with which we all greet the working out of a dream. Committed, both of them, to the pursuit of an occupation richer always in joy and honor than in revenue, committed also to one another, they did not hesitate. "Good-by to the city. We never did care for it much, anyway—so noisy, so busy, such a rush! Moreover, to boil one's pot there means to boil the pot of the whole neighborhood too, in the shape of street lights and pavings, apartment-house elevators and hall-boys, street cars, and all sorts of extraneous things. Here we simply support ourselves, and it's a pleasant and not a difficult task. The only wonder is that so few people go and do likewise."

A little box of a house in truth theirs had been when they took it, but it had an enormous woodshed.

"Like the Morte d'Arthur for fairy stories, that woodshed was for rooms—unlimited matter at hand. All we had to do was to go to work with hammer and nails. We started with two rooms; now we have a complete establishment. A terrace, too—did you notice it?—facing the view. My wife drove the horse, and I held the plow, and so we got the thing into shape. We're rather proud of that terrace."

"How about the winter?"

The Spectator was ashamed of the glance of misgiving he gave through the window at the beautiful lonely scene, as the shivering realization of an utterly snow-buried world came over him. But he was presently glad of his weakness, for it called forth a spirited cry.

"The winter! Why, that is our great season! It sets us free of the world. Out of doors we can go anywhere on our skis and snowshoes (you do not know how wonderful the winter woods and mountains are), while indoors, here with our open fire and our stove, our lamp and our books on the long winter evenings—"

"Yes," the Spectator interrupted. "I see, I see."

He did see, vividly; and ever since he has cherished in his innermost fancy the picture of that firelit room, with the white winter silence outside and the warm human happiness hiving within. He knows he will spend more winter hours than any one, even his host and hostess, will ever suspect, in that ruddy seclusion on the mountain side.

"You have no regrets for the city at all?"

"For our friends, yes, sometimes, of course. But they come to see us all summer long, and we put them up in tents. For the music often, too. But we have a pianola, you see, and Beethoven and Wagner, Schumann, Bach, and Chopin discourse for us."

"As for work—"

"Oh, as for work, there is, of course, no place like it in all the world—work that one tingles to do. That such work, one's dearest pursuit, in just such sane and unhurried measure as one chooses to give, should support one, is Arcadia come again isn't it really, now?"

It was, it is; and the thoughtful Spectator ponders the sanity of those young people often in his mind. Far on the way toward the achievement of perfect living is that little establishment on the mountain side, and the wisdom and beauty of it beckon us here in our feverish rush to earn New York's street-car service. Certainly it behooves us not to complain of our driven lives. The remedy lies in how many waiting houses, on how many mountain sides! If we only would!

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PUBLIC OPINION

SHALL WE ABANDON CHRISTMAS TREES?

[It will be remembered that the question whether or not the use of Christmas trees and greens should be abandoned because of the injury done to our growing forests was raised in The Outlook two or three weeks ago and that we called for an expression of opinion from our readers. The following are among the most interesting of the letters received. Our readers will note that especial importance attaches to the first as coming from a State Forester.—THE EDITORS.]

I

It is sometimes difficult to be patient with those who urge the abolition of Christmas greens for the sake of the forests. To what better use can a tree be put than to gladden half a dozen, or half a thousand, child hearts on Christmas Eve? Is the lumber from a whole forest worth one telling of the legend of the *Weihnachtsbaum?* But the hope expressed in your issue of November 28 that there may be a way to have Christmas trees and forests too leads me to say that the fears of those who love the forests more than the children, or at least seem to do so, are groundless. If every family in this land had a fifteen-year-old Christmas tree every year, they could all be grown without difficulty on a third of a million acres, or less than one-seventh of the forest area of this little State of New Jersey. Of course the cutting of trees as now carried on in Maine and elsewhere looks destructive, and often is destructive, yet the trouble is not with the business but with the way it is conducted. In other words, Christmas tree growing can and should be a regular industry. The trees can come in part from necessary thinnings in lumber stands, in part from plantations made for the specific purpose. It is quite as legitimate to plant a piece of land with balsam for Christmas trees as with peach trees. Both kinds will be cut down at about the same age. Several property-owners in this State are definitely planning to grow Christmas trees on land that is now yielding no valuable crop. The planting will convert ugly brown slopes to hills of green, for some years at least, and the venture promises to be a paying one.

With respect to greens the case is not much different. The supply now comes mainly from waste places and is gathered by poor people who get their Christmas in that way. Holly is a most beautiful tree and its wood is valuable, yet scarcely a specimen found north of Virginia would yield as much in lumber as in greens. Laurel, or Kalmia, is the most generally used woody plant, and that use, too, ought to be legitimate. There is no defense of the practice of stripping fence rows and park woods, and it should be stopped. But laurel is a forest weed; it interferes with the development of young trees and is a nuisance where silviculture is practiced. We have in this State an area of 15,000 or 20,000 acres on which "nothing of value will grow—only laurel and scrub-oak." I do not know who owns this land, but I do know that the glory of the flowers in June does little toward paying taxes, and I am quite sure that any one who wants to gather greens there will find little objection.

The problem of Christmas greens, if it be a problem at all, can be solved by the simplest measures of control. Restrict cutting of trees or shrubs where the act will cause a disfigurement, but encourage the use of all the evergreen plants, and their propagation, as a means of making the earth more fruitful. Trees are for use, and those who would save every tree must be reminded that mere saving is waste. The wise, the necessary thing is to make them satisfy the needs of man; some for an hour's delight at Christmas time, some for warmth and shelter, all to delight the eye and cheer the heart until the time for sacrifice comes.

ALFRED GASKILL,
State Forester of New Jersey.
Trenton, New Jersey.

II

Permit me to offer a few suggestions in reference to your editorial regarding the destruction of trees for Christmas observance. To forbid the use of trees for Christmas would be worse than forbidding the use of fireworks on Fourth of July, although both cause the loss of life and property. What we must do is to regulate rather than prohibit.

I remember well the pleasure we boys took in going forth into the woods a few days before Christmas and chopping down a hemlock tree, or rather a half-dozen, because after we had felled the first we generally saw another a little farther on we thought would be better, and so on until five or six trees had been destroyed. We must have the Christmas trees; they go to make up one important element that makes Christmas a success for the children, and half the fun is in cutting down the tree yourself.

If possible, take half a day off, and go with the children; provide yourself with a handsaw (under no circumstances allow an ax or

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hatchet to be taken); select carefully a good symmetrical tree, eighteen to twenty feet high, and saw off the top, according to the height you desire; usually a tree six to eight feet is large enough for home use. In sawing make the cut on an angle; this will prevent water penetrating the heart of the tree, thereby producing favorable conditions for fungi to work.

Now let us see what the effect on the amputated tree is. To be sure, we have destroyed the symmetry, but the tree will live and grow, continuing to perform its duty of bearing seeds, and will in a few years restore the damage we have caused, by sending out new branches and twigs. Is not this a much better method than chopping down a small tree close to the ground? In selecting a tree, preferably choose one in a group rather than one in the open.

To my mind, the most wasteful destruction is caused by allowing children to go into the woods with hatchets and be permitted to chop as they see fit. Although many trees are wasted foolishly each year, I do not believe the destruction is as great as the previous writer imagines, as a large quantity of our Christmas trees that are found for sale in the city come from nurseries.

Christmas green is essential. It adds cheer to our homes and furnishes that Christmas spirit we all love so dearly. With a little care and common sense we can have our Christmas trees without wasteful destruction to our forests. IRVING E. JOHNSON.

Boston, Massachusetts.

THE CULPABLE RASHNESS OF THE OUTLOOK

In your article on President Eliot, of Harvard University, you say (p. 567), "then dominated by a coercive institutional religion, now by a spirit of free individual religion in which all forms of faith and worship are alike." This is a part of your statement of the condition of the University before President Eliot's administration compared to its present state. Your above-quoted words are utterly untrue. In my time at Harvard, previous to Dr. Eliot's presidency, the College was just as free to all religions or faiths as it is now. There was, for example, a religious society of the Episcopal Church, which enjoyed as much respect and liberty as any other; and side by side with it there was another religious society, of which I was a member, which asked no questions as to creed or denomination. In regard to church-going, all were free. Some church each one must attend, but not the college church by any compulsion, or any other, but any church of the individual's election, subject only to condition of ability to furnish proper certificate of attendance. [This appears to us to be a very happy circumlocution for coercive church attendance.—THE EDITORS.] In my own class in the Divinity School there were all shades of theological opinion, from orthodoxy to extreme radicalism or rationalism, and there was a Methodist boy studying with us without prejudice or discomfort, who is now a preacher in the Methodist Church. The one only feature that even remotely resembled "coercive institutional religion" was the compulsory attendance at morning prayers in the College chapel. Would you consider that feature inconsistent with "a spirit of free individual religion"?

The term "coercive" applied to anything Unitarian affects a real Unitarian as a little regrettable and altogether amusing. I have had occasion before now to tell you that whenever you speak of things Unitarian you are like a man trying to use a foreign language when he has acquired some vocabulary, but is ignorant of the genius and idiom of the tongue. That there has been a great expansion, universalizing, at Harvard during President Eliot's noble administration is true, and that this expansion has been felt in the Divinity School as well as in other departments is also true; but that there was previously a "coercive institutional religion" is not true. As such a remark affects the past honor and history of the College, the uninformed rashness of the statement is culpable. JAMES VILA BLAKE.

Chicago.

KNOWING VS. THINKING ABOUT SOCIALISM

The Outlook for November 5 contains the interesting announcement of the acquisition of Mr. Roosevelt as contributing editor. I wish to comment very briefly upon a small portion of that announcement—that referring to our President as a "world leader in the movement towards Industrial Democracy." I am sure that we shall all finally be able to get together and to see the social problem with the same light. In the meantime, while equally single in purpose for the greater good of the race, an intelligent and enlightened Socialist cannot possibly reconcile your theory that Mr. Roosevelt is an "Industrial Democrat" with his repeated denunciations of Socialism, which is Industrial Democracy, and without which we *know*, as Socialists, there can be no such thing as Industrial Democracy.

Again, on page 520 of the same issue appears the question, "Are private wealth and

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democracy consistent?" and the answer, "Socialism says No." As a Socialist I will say that if Socialism did not offer me the assurances of independent private wealth I would have discarded it as an unworkable theory many years ago. Any leading Socialist, as well as the rank and file, will indorse this position. It is precisely because the present social anarchism denies in very large measure the principle of private wealth or property that we seek its displacement with a system that will foster that principle. I will refer to the last book of that most scientific of native American Socialists, Edward Bellamy, "Equality," page 116: "We distinguish between private *wealth* and private *capital*, which has always and everywhere been a failure, considered as it should be, from the physical, moral, æsthetic, and spiritual standpoints." By the way, there is but one "kind" of Socialism.

ARTHUR GEORGE.

Berkeley, California.

[Those of our readers who desire to learn what "Industrial Democrats" think about the problems of which Mr. George says Socialists *know* the solutions should read H. O. Arnold-Foster's "English Socialism of To-day."—THE EDITORS.]

MISAPPLICATION OF FUNDS

The Outlook in its issue of November 14 appears to regard with satisfaction the termination of the trial of the offenders in the case of the criminal misappropriation of the funds of the National Bank of North America. Mr. Charles B. Morse, the chief offender, was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and Mr. Alfred H. Curtis was let off with a severe reprimand, to which his suspended sentence practically amounts. Rumor says, though this is not mentioned by The Outlook, that Mr. Curtis is about entering another institution as vice-president.

Well, Mr. Morse's sentence is severe, I feel from a layman's point of view quite severe enough, but Mr. Curtis has surely betrayed his trust in an unpardonable manner in allowing the funds to be misappropriated, not without saying a word, but without putting a stop to such a work. If he could not prevent it, he should instantly have resigned, and his weakness, even if he did not profit personally, I consider quite unpardonable. The lack of action of the other directors further appears to me criminal; nothing less. They should have prevented the misappropriation.

In the seventies one of the large Glasgow banks went wrong, and I believe, if my memory does not deceive me, that the whole board of directors had to serve time for their crimes, or in some cases simply for their criminal negligence. I contend that something is amiss, and badly amiss, when the whole blame is placed on one man. Surely the board of directors are not supposed to be simply ornaments, and if we are to avoid repetition of similar reckless financiering it is high time the responsibility was brought home where it belongs—that is, to the board of directors.

The bank comptroller at Washington has admitted the impossibility of effectually preventing irregularities in the hundreds of National banks scattered over the country simply by periodical inspection. That is certainly reasonable. The boards of directors must bear the responsibility; then why has there been no criminal action raised against other directors of the National Bank of North America? Is it that the law is so terribly lax that it places no responsibility on them? If this is the case, it is high time for our lawgivers to take action, and radical action, as effective measures are imperatively needed.

The whole Nation has been suffering for more than one year from the effect of "high financiering," and the end has not yet been reached. Further laxity will only invite an early recurrence of panic, with death and distress stalking in its wake.

New York. HENRY J. KREBS.

[The Outlook has already recorded its belief that the conviction of Mr. Morse was a long step in the right direction. We agree with our correspondent that Mr. Curtis and every other self-respecting director of the bank should have resigned rather than tolerate Mr. Morse's method. His supposed financial power is an explanation, but not in the slightest degree an excuse, for their remaining on the board. Directors ought really to direct, or suffer a legal penalty for negligence.—THE EDITORS.]

PRACTICAL CHURCH UNITY

There are many summer and winter resorts in this country where it has been found possible to carry on united church services with satisfaction and benefit to all concerned. Such instances are worthy of thoughtful consideration, as many of them illustrate what is easily possible in the way of a practical church unity, or unity in Christian worship and effort. It is the purpose of this article to describe the useful united services held at one of these places on the Sundays of July to September, both inclusive.

On a hillside, surrounded by forest trees and about seventy-five feet above the waters

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of one of the most beautiful of the Adirondack lakes, stands a small log church. It has been described by the minister in charge as in the best sense of the term a union church or chapel.

The original building was erected more than twenty years ago, and it has since been enlarged so as to increase its seating capacity about two-thirds, thus making room for about two hundred people.

The church building stands on ground owned by a near-by inn, and it is leased at a nominal rate to an association entitled "The Church Committee." The important provisions of the by-laws governing this church committee are as follows:

The Committee shall be known as "The Church Committee."

Every man who is a property-owner, tenant of a camp or cottage, or a guest at the Inn, and an attendant upon the church services, shall be eligible for membership in the Committee.

The Committee shall be non-sectarian and shall undertake the care and custody of the Church property, and determine the character, conduct, and term of the church services.

An Executive Committee of five shall decide who, in addition to the parties originally uniting to form the Committee, shall be admitted to membership, requiring that they shall be eligible as aforesaid.

The Executive Committee shall carry out all instructions given by the General Committee, and shall act with the power of said Committee between meetings.

It shall report to the General Committee at each annual meeting and otherwise as it may deem best or as the General Committee shall require.

The Church Committee is composed of men of all branches of the Christian family. The little church is recognized as a home for all Christians, each respecting all others who seek to have a right faith (as it is given them to sincerely believe) and to lead a right life. The Church Committee chooses its minister each season and thus avoids the risk of continuing a connection after such connection has ceased to be useful.

It has been fortunate in securing for eleven seasons a minister who has been acceptable to all, and for whom there is a universal feeling of affectionate regard and esteem.

He is a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and uses a simple form of service from the prayer book of his church. On the first and last Sunday of each season and on the first Sunday of each month the Holy Communion is administered. The invitation extended by the minister on these occasions is so evidently sincere and heartfelt that Christians do not feel called upon to have in mind any denominational preferences, but find themselves able to kneel together as members of one family, and unite in what is recognized by all of the various branches of the Christian Church to be one of the most solemn of all religious observances.

Ministers as well as lay members of various branches of the Christian family commune together in peaceful harmony. On one occasion a minister of a Congregational church, a stranger, was present at a Sunday morning service and united in communion at its close. He said, as he left the church, "I have done to-day what I never did before in my life, but I simply could not stay away from the communion table after hearing that touching invitation."

The minister receives a regular salary and the use of a comfortable rectory. The expenses of every sort are met by the voluntary offerings made at the Sunday morning services. There has never yet been a deficit.

When the church building was enlarged, the cost of the work was fully met by contributions promptly made in response to a simple notice at a Sunday morning service that the work was to be done and that the money was needed. The Church Committee tenders the free use of the chapel to the Roman Catholic priest on duty in the district for an early service for persons of that faith, and this service is held at six o'clock each Sunday morning.

On Sunday evenings a united service of song is held in the Guide House for the guides, maids, and employees, care being taken to make the character of this service entirely unobjectionable to every one, no matter what his or her church connection may be.

While the regular morning church services are conducted by an Episcopal minister, and conform to the simplest Prayer-Book provisions, it is always in order for the minister and Executive Committee jointly to decide to extend an invitation to any minister of any Christian denomination to preach at any service. This has seldom been done, but has never resulted objectionably in any way. It is the rule and not the exception that the regular Sunday morning service is attended by the guests at the Inn and by the occupants of all adjacent cottages and camps, as well as by guides, maids, and employees from inns, cottages, and camps. Young men have said that while they rarely go to any church at home, they do not want to miss any of these simple and sincere united services.

Here, then, we have illustrated a form of practical Church Unity, or of Unity in Christian worship and effort, that appears to be worthy of careful thought on the part of those who are seeking a similar result in the wider field that the world offers.

The simple and sincere union services that are in practical use, as this article describes, have been found to make church-going attractive; to bring all Christians

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closely together in harmony; to make it possible for them all to worship and commune as one family; and, last but not least, to bring voluntary contributions into the church treasury, making its care a pleasure and not a burden. FRANK J. FIRTH.

Philadelphia.

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE

[The following letter, though addressed to one special friend in America, is meant for all the "friends and sympathizers" of the Russian patriot Tchaykovsky, who has just been liberated on bail of $25,000, after eleven months of solitary imprisonment awaiting trial. No charges have yet been preferred against him. The spirit of the noble man burns like a bright torch through this simple letter.—THE EDITORS.]

At the time of one of the first visits of Mrs. T. to my headquarters I told her that, in my opinion, the public opinion of the civilized world would be my most important council; and now, on learning the circumstances, I see that I was not far from the truth. My instinctive feeling did not deceive me. The more I learn of what was done on my behalf by my English, American, and French friends, the more proud I feel of the mission which I have been destined to carry on—that of being a medium for expressing the world's sympathy towards my downtrodden mother country. The consciousness of this fact made me feel all the time that I was carrying on that great mission, even though set apart from the world. Thick stone walls under the circumstances seemed to become merely apparent obstacles to the spiritual intercourse which never ceased to exist between myself and the great world outside.

These eleven months of enforced solitude served me as an opportunity for a supplementary course of higher education. I have read and studied over a hundred volumes of various writers on most important subjects—history, economics (especially co-operation), poetry, psychology, religion—thanks to a very decent, though small, library in the fortress; and to the efforts of my dear, brave wife and daughters, who supplied me with all the books I wanted.

I am sorry to learn that not all are as fortunate as myself. While I am enjoying personal liberty now, and am met on all sides with the open arms of my dear ones and of friends, others, who deserve the world's sympathy and reverence far more than myself, are still deprived even of a chance to know the attention and love felt by the world for them.

According to the conditions under which I regained my liberty I am bound to remain in Russia. It has been officially stated that my trial may be expected within six or eight months, while the deposit will probably be locked up twelve or eighteen months.

Please give my warmest greetings to all friends and sympathizers in your great country and assure them that their kind efforts and their good will are sure to bear fruits sooner or later.

My health is now excellent. I am going to visit my old mother, eighty-six years old, who is very near her final rest, and after that I intend settling here.

N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY.

St. Petersburg, Russia.

MISS JULIA OSGOOD

The increasing tension of city life in America is most painfully illustrated by the list of victims of automobile accidents, now of almost daily occurrence in our great cities. A particularly sad instance of these fateful mischances was the death last week of Miss Julia Osgood in New York City. A widely traveled woman, of active habit and peculiarly alert mind, she was one whose death in this manner was as unexpected as it was shocking. The prevalent custom of towing a disabled automobile by means of a long rope attached to another car justifies The Outlook, I think, in making use of this case to call attention as widely as possible to the danger to pedestrians involved in this practice, which resulted in Miss Osgood's untimely death. Miss Osgood was a woman of marked individuality, of peculiarly winning manners, a successful lecturer, and a charming conversationalist. Her lectures on art before the Institute of Arts and Sciences in Brooklyn and in various other cities were heard with genuine interest by cultivated audiences. A graduate of Wheaton Seminary, she embodied in herself the high ideals which were impressed upon that institution and its pupils by its accomplished founder. Her debt of gratitude to Mrs. Wheaton was fittingly repaid in her share in the preparation of the memorial volume describing Mrs. Wheaton's life and work, published last year and reviewed in The Outlook of January 4, 1908. Not always in robust health herself, Miss Osgood found time and opportunity, in addition to her intellectual pursuits, to care for many others less fortunate, and these beneficiaries, no less than her many other friends, will deeply deplore the passing from life of her rarely sympathetic, courageous, and inspiring personality. M.

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AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA

BY MABEL T. BOARDMAN

The recent death of the Empress Dowager of China, one of the most remarkable and forceful of women rulers in the world's history, gives a peculiar interest to Miss Boardman's description of the audience here described. It will be remembered that in 1905 a large party, composed partly of members of Congress and other distinguished citizens, accompanied Mr. Taft on a visit to the Philippines, Korea, China, and Japan. Miss Alice Roosevelt and Miss Boardman were members of that party. Their reception by the Empress of China was so exceptional as to be almost if not quite unique.—THE EDITORS.

THE night before our audience we spent at Prince Kung's palace, and were convinced that the princess who felt the single pea under twenty-four mattresses was not of the blood royal of China. The beds, built of solid masonry across the ends of the narrow rooms, boasted a single somewhat thin mattress, and the pillows seemed to be stuffed with bran of such hardness that our ears in the morning felt as if they had undergone a nightmare of boxes. The palace is built on a series of courts, each building having a central room with a bedroom or two opening off of it on either side. A small pewter basin containing about a pint of water, placed on the seat of a red-cushioned teakwood chair, a little towel, and a hand-glass on a table provided the necessities of a toilet, according to Chinese ideas.

Early on Wednesday morning we were up and ready for the palace. Our summer wardrobe, prepared for the tropical climate of the Philippines, had naturally white as a predominating color, so that, as far as possible to avoid that indication of Chinese mourning, we decorated ourselves with flowered hats and brilliant ribbons. Miss Roosevelt wore pink chiffon with a large black hat. She, Mrs. and Miss Rockhill, had come out from Peking in a rickety victoria that belonged to the one-hoss-shay species, escorted by a dust-creating cavalcade of Chinese soldiers, uniformed in dingy blue and old straw hats, and mounted on dilapidated horses with equally dilapidated trappings; but they now joined our chair brigade, extra chairs having been sent from the Summer Palace, which was about a mile away. The palace grounds were surrounded by the same pinkish-orange-colored walls as the Winter Palace in Peking. The entrance had a wandering way of leading through gates in several walls, that brought a realization of this need of protection in the East.

In a long, narrow room on an inner court we met the rest of our party, who had come out that morning, sixteen miles from Peking. There were forty of us in all, ten women and thirty men. General Corbin with his aids and Admiral Train with his captains in their uniforms, who had met us at Taku, gave the party quite a brilliant and official air. After a short wait, the men were marshaled forth to be presented by Mr. Rockhill to the Empress, and incidentally to the Emperor. This proved to be a brief ceremony, for we were soon summoned for our audience. Across the court, at right angles from the room in which we had assembled, was the building containing the throne-room. Steps ran across the entire front, leading up to an equally broad porch. We entered by a central door directly into the throne-room, which was about forty feet long and thirty-five deep. Opposite the main door, in the center of the room, sat the Empress on a dais, which had a carved teakwood railing across the front, save where a few steps led up to it. Her low-backed throne was also of carved teakwood, and back of this was an elaborately embroidered screen. On either side of her was placed a tripod holding a pyramid of apples, one of red apples and the other

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yellow, typifying prosperity ; and in front of her a small teakwood table. At her left, the place of honor in the East, stood the Emperor, and kneeling at the table on her right was our old friend Mr. Wu, now Chinese Minister at Washington. The most marked fact about the Empress's face was its lack of prominent Chinese characteristics. The contour was rather long and narrow, the eyes hardly at all oblique in their setting, the cheek-bones were not high, nor the nose inclined to be broad and flat. Being a widow, her face was unpainted, and her complexion clear and light brown. Her black hair —probably artificially black, though from an artistic desire rather than to disguise an age that the Chinese admire—was parted in the center, and was arranged in the usual Manchurian style, a sort of Alsatian bow of hair standing up on top. Its decorations were different from those of the other royal Manchurian dames that we had met. They wore suspended from the right loop of the bow a tassel of red silk if their husbands were living and of black if they were widows, and the left loop was decorated with a pink chrysanthemum, no matter which their condition. In place of the tassel the Empress wore three or four short strands of baroque pearls, and stuck like hatpins in the center and the left loop were ornaments of rich, dark-green jade. In figure she was small and slight, the only sign of age being a stoop in the shoulders. Her upper dress was a soft shade of light blue edged with embroidered bands, and the under dress, or sort of divided skirt, was of royal yellow brocade. Blue is considered a royal color as well as yellow. She wore no jewels, but the long nails of the third and fourth fingers of either hand were covered by carved gold protectors which suggested huge claws. Her dark eyes were exceedingly bright and alert, and her smile was pleasant, natural, and attractive. The Emperor, who stood quietly beside her, was small, with a decidedly Chinese cast of countenance and somewhat prominent eyes. Though at that time thirty-four years of age, he looked quite ten years younger. I think his dress was of a dark-blue silk, not differing from those worn by many officials who were present. In fact, it was difficult to distinguish by their dress the men of high rank from the palace servants, unless one was familiar with the designation of position indicated by the color of the small, egg-shaped button that decorated the top of the round hats they all wore. These buttons were of all colors. Yellow was, I think, the royal hue, and the others were transparent buttons of dark or light blue, red, pink, etc., or opaque shades of the same colors, designating the rank or position of the wearer.

As we entered the throne-room each of us made a curtsy, and we were then ushered to the left of the entrance. Mrs. Rockhill and Miss Roosevelt were bidden to ascend the dais, and, standing before the table, Mrs. Rockhill presented the latter, whom the Empress greeted with an inclination of her head. On the table was a small note-book filled with Chinese characters from which she read some courteous words of welcome. To these Mr. Wu listened, still on his knees, with downcast eyes, then, rising, translated them. Speaking more informally after this ceremonious greeting, the Empress expressed the hope that, coming so far from her own country, Miss Roosevelt was not suffering from homesickness ; to which she promptly answered that she had been received with such great kindness everywhere that it had not been possible to be homesick.

This formal part of the audience over, Mrs. Rockhill and Miss Roosevelt successfully descended the steps without turning their backs upon royalty ; the table was removed, and, aided by two large eunuchs, the Empress came down to us and in turn we were each presented to her. Closing the third and fourth fingers with their dangerous nail-protectors into her hand, she extended the other fingers in a cordial and friendly manner as our names were given, saying at the same time that she hoped we had passed a comfortable night. Accepting the will for the deed, the sojourners at Prince Kung's palace refrained from mentioning the bran pillows and the dearth of water, remembering the bounteous tea, dinner, and breakfast that had been served them there.

Mr. Wu having explained to us that

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after luncheon the Empress would return to see us again—an unusual honor—we withdrew. Crossing the court and one or two others, we entered a large room, simpler in its decorations, in which was set a long table, where we were joined by our princess friends who had taken tea with us the day before. The Princess Royal and one of the others were widows, shown by the black tassels and unpainted faces. They all wore dresses exactly alike, of light blue bordered with pale mauve bands embroidered with flowers. The Princess Royal, an adopted daughter of the Empress, who looked quite as old as her Majesty, was rather a sad-faced woman. She watched with some anxiety the merriment of the more youthful royal dames, one of whom, a stout young woman, was especially jolly. She asked innumerable questions, and laughed heartily over many of the answers. Mrs. Williams, the wife of the official interpreter of the United States Legation, acted in that capacity for us, as no men save the servants were present. The luncheon was of many courses, some European and some Chinese. We were spared bird-nest soup and prehistoric eggs, but the sweets were quite Chinese, and so were the bamboo sprouts, which suggested asparagus in looks if not in taste. The table was covered with dishes of fruits, mainly grapes and apples, cakes, nuts, and candies. Cakes and candies were not easy to distinguish one from the other. The little princess who was my neighbor frequently arose and, leaning across the table, gathered a handful of fruit or cakes and placed them, with a smile, by my plate. This was evidently intended as a sign of hospitality, for civilities by mouth were limited, as Mrs. Williams's duties as interpreter for fifteen women made it difficult to secure much of her time. The princesses wore little jewelry, and most of this consisted of crudely set diamonds in pins, rings, or bracelets. Each had tucked away in her dress a small mirror with embroidered silk back. One of them had evidently not expected to exhibit this possession, and so had a less elaborate glass than her royal cousins. A little maid was hastily summoned and sent to some other part of the palace, from which she soon returned with a more ornamented article.

After luncheon we retired to smaller rooms in the back, opening on to a somewhat unkempt garden, where coffee and cigarettes were served. All of the Chinese women smoked. As soon as the table had been removed and the crumbs brushed up with a plain, every day familiar broom in the hands of a person who, save for the color of the button on his hat, might have been the Emperor, we were summoned back into the room where we had lunched to meet the Empress. We gathered at one side, the princesses retiring into the background, but not too remote for observation. The Empress, with the Emperor and their suite, came across the open court, stopping to speak for a moment to the men of our party, who, after lunching in another building, were walking in this court. In the center of the room was a simple teakwood chair, and to this the Empress was conducted. All her actions so far had been rather ceremonious, but now we had a glimpse of that independence of character which enabled her to countenance such innovations in court ceremonies as this entire audience had been. The thought evidently suddenly came into her mind that we ought to be presented to the Emperor, who was standing beside her, so, starting up with the alertness of youth and the independence of the most modern of women, she took hold of his Majesty's sleeve and led him over to us. Each one was presented to him in turn, the Empress insisting upon the name being distinctly pronounced by Mrs. Williams. Miss Roosevelt received some title; the married women had the word "Titi" added to the first syllable of their names and the unmarried women that of "Ganyan." For example, Mrs. Newlands became "Nu-Titi," and I was addressed as "Bo-Ganyan." No one escaped the Empress's eagle eye, and she gently but firmly pushed the Emperor in among us to shake hands with every one. He has been reported simple-minded, but he certainly made no such impression upon me, nor did I find that Mr. Rockhill so regarded him. The present Emperor of Korea, son of the lately deposed Emperor, both of whom

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we met in Seoul, is very evidently *non compos mentis*, but the Emperor of China had rather the appearance of a physically weak man, who found the game of ruling not worth the candle, especially when it meant a struggle with the Dowager Empress. He did not speak, but smiled a somewhat amused and slightly cynical smile. Not contented with this act of friendliness, the alert old Empress next darted into the background of princesses and drew out a royal lady we had not before seen, who, Mrs. Williams said, was either the Eastern or Western Empress. The Empresses appear to monopolize only two points of the compass, leaving the others to the numerous dames of the palace, but there can be no doubt as to the old Dowager Empress being the needle that pointed the way. Again guided by the Dowager, the young Empress was led to each of us, and we were duly presented. In the meantime the men of our party and the Chinese officials had entered the room and grouped themselves opposite us. This, Mr. Rockhill afterward said, was a most remarkable innovation, for he had never before known of the Empress permitting men and women to be received together.

From somewhere two servants suddenly emerged, each carrying a tray, on one of which were rings and bracelets, and on the other embroidered blue silk handkerchiefs. Mr. Wu, who held a list of our names, was close at hand, and as he read them aloud according to our Chinese titles the Empress in person distrlbuted her gifts. To Miss Roosevelt she gave a carved pink topaz pendant and a bracelet decorated with flowers made of baroque pearls, jade, and cabouchon rubies. To the married women she presented bracelets similar in kind, and to the unmarried women rings of carved gold with a pearl in the center. Each gift she took from one tray, selecting a handkerchief from the other, and as Mr. Wu read a name and one of us advanced she gave it with a cordial smile. After all had received these presents, she requested him to inquire if any one had been forgotten, as she feared some one might have been overlooked. Then out of the folds of her soft blue dress she drew the little note-book, and opened it for her words of formal farewell. I noticed, as her finger wandered down its pages, that certain of the sentences had a circle of red ink beside them, and at these she paused and read them aloud. Having expressed her farewells to Miss Roosevelt, her Majesty, with her little note-book still in hand, crossed over to the group of men, and to the Minister, General, and Admiral made a little ceremonious good-by speech. Our American Senators and Congressmen, who at home are supremely superior to the military, were quite overlooked by the Dowager Empress; her tastes were evidently of a military and forceful order. After this, stepping back into the center of the room, her Majesty intimated that the audience was over, and, as Mr. Rockhill told us, again innovated a change; for, instead of retiring herself, as was the usual custom, she stood facing the door out of which we passed one by one, the men bowing, the women courtesying as they backed more or less, generally less, gracefully out of the doorway. To each she gave a pleasant and cordial bow.

This little story, though bereft of many descriptions and details that would add to its interest, is still too long to linger further over the picturesque, rough Palace gardens, the vista of temples stretching up the hillsides, the wonderful marble junk with its table laden with fruits and sweets, where we said farewell to our princess friends, over the quaint painted boats in which we were poled among the small wooded islands of the lake connected here and there by beautifully carved white marble bridges, back down the long old canal to a curious temple for afternoon tea, and then on in our chairs to Peking, with a wonderment in our minds, after a day of such interest, such kindness, and such courtesy, that it could be possible that only six years before the legations of the world had been struggling for their lives in that same city, and the Court of China had fled far beyond the Summer Palace to seek its own safety. The people of the East have their great problems, too, to solve; problems of a people we may not be able to understand, but with whose struggles and whose efforts in the

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march of human progress we should sympathize, not complicating their problems nor our own by over-suspicious zeal nor with heated imaginations of sinister designs. Nations in time may learn, as men have learned, that trust and confidence lead to friendship; that, as Mr. Root has most forcibly said, "Differences between nations are nothing; the spirit with which they are dealt, everything." And, as Mr. Taft said in his great Shanghai speech which made so marked an impression throughout the East: "A nation of the conservative traditions of China must accept changes gradually, but it is a pleasure to know and to say that in every improvement which she aims at she has the deep sympathy of America, and that there never can be any jealousy or fear on the part of the United States due to China's industrial or political development, provided always that it is directed along the lines of peaceful prosperity and the maintenance of law and order and the right of the individual, foreign or alien. She has no territory we long for, and can have no prosperity which we would grudge her, and no political power and independence as an empire justly exercised which we would resent. With her enormous resources and with her industrious people, the possibilities of her future cannot be overestimated."

HOW STRIKES ARE SETTLED IN NEW ZEALAND

BY OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS

IN the month of February, 1907, New Zealand lost the distinction of being a "Country without a Strike." The distinction was never quite deserved, since in 1890 occurred the great maritime strike which caused, even more than the strikes of other countries, a suspension of the industrial activity of an entire nation. But if New Zealand has lost the one distinction, it has gained another even more remarkable: it is the first country to legalize unions of workingmen and employers, and the first to pronounce lockouts and strikes to be social crimes and punishable as such.

It may be that the hands of time move more rapidly in New Zealand than elsewhere. By reason of certain advantages its people may meet their problems with a more quickened intelligence. The problems themselves are essentially the same as those which perplex the rest of the world. New Zealand is a remote land and relatively a small country, but economic laws are not repealed because of size or distance. The same forces that condition industry in the United States operate in the South Sea. Capital battles for its rewards the same there as here. The working class has the same desire to raise the standard of its life that stimulates the same class to struggle in this or any other country. It is a mistake to suppose that New Zealand is in any wise self-contained. London is its main market. The price of mutton in Smithfield markets affects the shepherds on the remotest hills of Otago. If there is industrial unrest in Sydney, there is the same disquiet in Wellington. I found the industrial situation practically the same in Christchurch and Dunedin as in Liverpool and Chicago. But in two respects New Zealand is exceptional among nations: first, in the communal and co-operative spirit of the people as evidenced by the extent of its communal lands and the number of industries it has nationalized, and, second, in its genius for self-government and the methods it has adopted to meet the difficulties of its industrial life.

I have referred to the strike of seamen that occurred in 1890. Now, New Zea-

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land is an island in a sea of vast extent. Everything upon it came originally by some ship. All the large cities and towns are seaports. The main streets of Auckland and Wellington are but the extension of the central wharf. Naturally, by the maritime strike the entire business of the country was disturbed. The strike was of a kind to bring home to men's minds the truth of the reciprocal nature of all industry. It appeared that to strike one's work in an interdependent system was to strike at society and to violate the primary compact by which society exists at all. The State, it was seen, is more than an aggregation of individuals; it is a unity of correlated parts and has its rights against and duties towards these parts. If one part fail of its service, the State may take any action it sees fit to protect itself. Strikes and lockouts are in effect offenses against the State. By some such reasoning the New Zealand Legislature devised and passed the Conciliation and Arbitration Act in order that such scenes as attended the maritime strike might never again be witnessed. The Act came into operation in 1894, and for thirteen years thereafter New Zealand was in truth a country without a strike—though not, it should be noted, a country without its labor troubles.

The law provides for a board of conciliation and a court. The latter is the court of last resort. It consists of three members, a judge appointed by the State who acts as chairman, and two lay members, one representing the employers and the other the labor unions. The court sits in any court room, the three judges together on the bench, the superior judge in his wig and gown. The procedure is the same as in a common law case. Witnesses are called and heard, the lawyers make their arguments, the court pronounces its judgments. I was always eager to attend the sessions of this court because it seemed to me to be the most important institution of the modern world—nothing less than the first created institution of the industrial or Socialistic state. The court is prophetic, for as it sits and acts, so the courts and boards and committees of the industrial commonwealth will sit and act.

One of the main features of the law is that arbitration is compulsory. If to break the industrial peace is to commit crime, society cannot wait till the parties to the dispute agree to make up their differences. Society must react automatically, as with theft or murder. Another notable feature is the obligation placed upon employers and employees to form unions. The Act is, indeed, entitled, "An Act to encourage the formation of industrial unions and associations." In 1896 there was in New Zealand one union of employers and sixty-five of workers. In 1906 there were 133 unions of employers and 261 unions of workers. All New Zealand is unionized, even the domestic workers. In all the awards of the court preference is given to unionists. In striking contrast to the custom of American employers, New Zealand employers will have no dealings with individuals, only with the unions. Each union is virtually a contracting union. It is under obligation to the court to keep its contracts. To give preference to unionists is to give preference to men who have entered into a bond to obey the law.

In 1906 two hundred and sixty-three cases came before the Arbitration Court. While in attendance upon the courts the winter of 1907, I saw a contractor fined $15 for failing to pay the award rate of wages; another for failing to pay overtime rates; one employer fined $10 for failing to give preference to unionists; another for employing hands during prohibited hours; another for failure to pay for work done on a holiday; one fined $10 for employing a youth under eighteen as a driver; a tailor fined $25 for giving out work to be done off the premises; a workman fined $5 for accepting less than the award rate of wages; a workman fined $2 for working on a holiday; and—most astonishing of all the things I saw in New Zealand—a company of workmen fined $25 each for going out on strike.

It is to this last-mentioned case I wish now to draw attention. One morning in February of 1907 the people of New Zealand were startled by the announcement: "Slaughtermen on Strike." Accustomed to the terms "awards" and "breaches," the people had almost for-

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gotten what "strike" meant. It was common enough in the cable reports from foreign lands, but for seventeen years it had not appeared in their own news columns. It was true the slaughtermen at the freezing works had struck. The situation was actually as serious as in the maritime strike of 1890. The frozen meat industry is, after wool, the largest export business in New Zealand. The economic salvation of Australia and New Zealand was assured when it was discovered in 1879 that beef and mutton could be frozen and shipped without loss to the London markets. The first cargo of frozen meat was sent out from Dunedin in 1882. New Zealand is essentially a pastoral country, and by this process its splendid pastures were made available to the world's uses. In 1882 the total shipment of meat was 1,707,328 pounds. Since 1889 the amount exported has never fallen below 200,000,000 pounds a year, the total for one year, 1903, being 266,408,800 pounds, valued at over $15,000,000. There are twenty-two freezing works in different parts of New Zealand, and the great shipping lines depend upon this product for their main cargoes. The trade is thus an extensive one, reaching from the pasture lands of Otago and Taranaki through the freezing works and shipping lines to the markets of Liverpool and London. A strike at any point of the system would paralyze the entire trade. Let the few hundred slaughtermen strike in the freezing works, and the sheep and cattle go back to their pasturage, the wheels of the factories stop, the ships go forth with empty holds, the householders in London miss the "prime Canterbury" they ordered for dinner—with a chance that they buy Argentine meats instead. What wonder there was consternation on every face; and, besides, where was the Arbitration Act? The papers suggested that the Arbitration Act was "on trial;" some went so far as to say it had "broken down." In an English community the loss of a law is more serious than the loss of a trade. Quite clearly the law had not prevented a strike—did it have authority enough to enforce its penalties?

The strike began in the freezing works in the Wellington district, and spread soon to Christchurch and Gisborne. The strike was not ordered by the unions, but each man stopped work as an individual "in need of rest," and, so far as could be learned, there was no communication between the men of the different works. In company with other journalists, I went to the seat of war. "It is impossible for us to make a decent living at the present wage," one worker observed. "We only want fair treatment. The companies make a good thing out of the business—out of us—and we want something too." "The Arbitration Court? That is too slow. Besides, we have gone out as individuals, and can't be touched. We don't call it a strike. I don't know that there is anything to stop free men from declining to work if they don't want to." Another said: "The companies pay eight per cent and a bonus of two per cent, and carry forward a large sum, and it's us who are helping them do it." The companies were unprepared for a strike, and as the profession of strike-breaking is unknown in New Zealand, and no other slaughtermen were to be had, the works closed down, and the sheep were turned back to the pastures. The men took the matter lightly, and went off and played cricket. There was no violence done, no sympathetic strike called, and, except that the works were idle, you would not have known a strike was in progress. The whole proceedings were quite unimpressive. There is little expertness in such matters in New Zealand.

It is fair to New Zealanders to say that the strike was provoked by slaughtermen from Australia—an itinerant band some three hundred strong, without responsibilities, and with a stake in neither country. The same men had secured higher wages in Australia by striking, and they thought the same could be done in New Zealand. There is a weak arbitration law in Australia, and strikes are not infrequent. I was interested now to watch developments in New Zealand.

After a few days the strikers became sober as they realized the possible consequences of their acts. Public opinion had set dead against them. The compa-

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nies acted with dignity, and waited for the Government to move. "The law must be and will be observed," said the Minister of Labor, to whose department the administration of the Arbitration Act fell. Interviewed, the Minister said: "I very much regret that such a thing should have occurred, as we had begun to think in New Zealand that the days of strikes were over. One thing is certain: no body of men can strike and at the same time have the advantage of the Arbitration Act. They may have one method or the other, but they cannot have both. The department will take action at the earliest possible moment." Turning the pages of the printed law, the Minister pointed to the sections dealing with strikes and lockouts. They read as follows: "Any industrial union or industrial association, or employer, or any worker, whether a member of any such union or association or not, which or who shall strike or create a lockout, or take part in a strike or lockout, or propose, aid, or abet a strike or lockout, or a movement intended to produce a strike or lockout, shall be guilty of an offense, and shall be liable to a fine, and may be proceeded against in the same manner as if it or he were guilty of a breach of an award—provided that the fine shall not exceed one hundred pounds for any such offense in the case of a union, association, or employer, or ten pounds in the case of a worker.

"No worker shall be subject to a fine merely because he refuses to work, or announces his intention to refuse to work, at the rate of wages fixed by any award or industrial agreement, unless the Court is satisfied that such refusal was in pursuance of an intention to commit a breach of this section.

"The Court may accept any evidence that seems to it relevant to prove that a strike or lockout has taken place or is impending."

In accordance with the forms prescribed by the law, an application for the enforcement of award or industrial agreement was at once lodged by the Inspector of Awards, the official of the Government appointed for such purpose. The application ran against the men individually and also the unions of the different districts affected by the strike. In due time the Court sat, first at Wellington and then in the other districts into which New Zealand as an industrial State is divided. I was a curious and an interested spectator at all the sittings of the Court. It was a sight so novel that I could hardly believe my eyes: here was an ordinary court room; three judges on the bench—Judge Sim, sharp-visaged, clean-shaven, with wig and gown, with lay assistants Messrs. Brown and Slater, bearded, broad-headed men of practical wisdom; at the bar lawyers in wigs and gowns going through the routine of charge and countercharge; in the background groups of brawny, sullen slaughtermen, some with anxious faces, but more with flippant or indifferent look.

"*We therefore hold that the defendants have been guilty of taking part in a strike, and we fine each of them five pounds.*" Such was the conclusion of the whole matter. So far as I know, this was the first time in the history of industry that a strike has been pronounced officially a crime against society.

It is not likely that a strike will occur again in New Zealand. This one, however, was well worth while. It tested the Arbitration Act and showed the direction of the wind of public spirit. The Arbitration Court is of course an experiment. It is a new construction, without age, example, or traditions. That it has been of great benefit to New Zealand no one will gainsay. By it for fourteen years industrial differences have been equitably settled. Labor has received all that is justly its due. Sweating has been entirely eradicated. Employers indorse the Act because it gives them stable conditions. Some features of the Act will probably be changed. The Conciliation Board has not proved particularly important. The chief cause of complaint was due to delay in the Court's action. This has been remedied by holding regular quarterly sessions of the Court, and when necessary another judge is appointed. The strikers laughed at first at fines and imprisonment, but it was no laughing matter when they paid the fines to escape the jail. The Act had asserted itself in the most dignified and telling manner.

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An American workman would have said the strikers lacked spirit and were cowed into conformity. There is a real danger to labor possibly at this point. In losing the strike it is possible that labor will lose its economic virility. Keir Hardie and other English workingmen are of the opinion that the unions can better look after their own interests by remaining free than by coming under a compulsory law. Every man of any spirit cherishes his right to rebel. But the "spirit" one finds among American workingmen is too often the spirit of dispute, controversy, bitterness, hatred, and revenge. But I found almost no bitterness among the workers in New Zealand. Work is good-natured, almost playful. Sullen faces are exceptional. Law-making opinion is the first fruit of law. In a state of industrial peace there grow up a love of order and a preference for peaceful methods of settling disputes.

This the strike demonstrated. There had grown up in New Zealand in seventeen years a taste for sanity in a sphere formerly governed by no better law than that of "tooth and claw." Public opinion supported the strikers in their demand for higher wages. The companies could well afford to pay a higher rate. But there public sympathy stopped. The strike should not be allowed its recrudescence in New Zealand. It is crude, cruel, and unsocial. An editorial in the Dunedin Star was typical of public opinion: "The news that the slaughtermen have refused to work at the current rate of wages will be received with very deep and genuine regret. The grievances of the men may be very real, but they are forgotten in the broader issue which their action has raised. The eyes of the country are now turned to the Arbitration Court. This is the first serious test to which the Arbitration Act has been subjected, and everybody is wondering how it will emerge from the ordeal. We think there need be no fear as to the power of the Act to enforce its penalties. The strike has revealed defects in the Act, and it has shown the necessity of reforming the administration of the law, but that the ill-advised deed of a small section of foolish men has shattered a fabric of fifteen years' standing is too ridiculous to admit of serious contemplation. Whatever differences may have existed in the past over the desirableness of compulsory arbitration have long since disappeared. The principle has been accepted as a part of the national constitution, and the idea of its being lightly swept away is repugnant to all classes and sections. If we mistake not, the consensus of public opinion is in favor of upholding the Act at all costs. The feeling is shared by capital and labor alike, and we hope the workers in general will at once take pains to show their disapproval of the action of the slaughtermen. It would be the crowning blunder if the slaughtermen were led to imagine that they had the sympathy of the other branches of labor."

In view of events occurring and opinion forming in all parts of the world, the following observations will not seem unreasonable: (1) Industrial peace is as necessary to the well-being of society as formal law and order. A strike is an offense against society, as are the acts which are the causes of strikes. It is time for society to assert its rule over labor unions and employers' associations. Private wars are indefensible and out of date. (2) A court of law whose awards govern the wages of labor will naturally extend its function to the government of the wages of capital, such as rent, interest, prices of commodities, rates of shipping, etc. The complete regulation of industrial society is within hailing distance in many parts of the world. The American Inter-State Commerce Commission is a phase of the same social intention as is represented by the New Zealand Arbitration Court. (3) The State cannot stop at mere mediation between contending parties, or at mere regulation of rates and prices, or at mere inspection of products. When the industrial State is fully formed, the people will find themselves owner and proprietor of all lands and industries in their own right. I see no reason why a judge of an arbitration court should not appoint a man to his work and determine what share of the social spoil he shall receive as well as he now mediates impartially between an employer and his employees.

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EXPERIMENTS IN MONDAY

BY HUBERT D. GALLAUDET

ONE morning in the corridor of his apartment hotel an elderly friend of mine encountered a stranger who accosted him with surprise. It was Monday, and my friend was whistling.

"My dear sir," said the stranger with a curious emotion, "will you permit me to grasp your hand? You are the first man I ever met who could whistle Monday morning. I thought only boys did it."

"I reckon only boys do," replied Mr. Beauregard, with smiling gravity.

"I see," said the stranger, and went his way in a muse. "'Except ye become as little children,'" he added softly, having some acquaintance with Holy Writ.

But it is not of the Business Man's Monday I wish to speak. For on that subject I think my elderly friend has said the last word. After all, an irrefragable cheerfulness, a robust decency of humor, a well-grounded conviction as to the livableness of life—these seem to be the only keys never too rusty or too worn to unlock the human doors of good will and achievement. Without the Autolychan philosophy of a merry heart I suppose even the genius of Shakespeare could hardly have enriched the world with its greatest treasures. Work and a song, apparently, have always been the twin prestidigitators that "spin the great wheel of earth about," from the days of Xenophon's stalwart comrades chanting their victorious pæans in the front of battle to those of Robert Louis Stevenson sitting up in bed at Vailima for a few bars of the flute between chapters of "Weir." My elderly friend Mr. Beauregard, I fancy, was answering the same problem of life and possibility in terms of his own little penny whistle. And until I can learn to pipe as pleasantly as he did, in the face of as many black prospects and under the load of as many heavy burdens as I know were his portion, I shall have no further word to say to the business stranger going forth sadly to his week's industry.

Monday, as I propose just now to consider it, is a different matter—not the day when work begins, but when, if a man is wise, it quite properly ends—for Monday.

My Blue Monday is commonly called Ministers' Monday, though it is by no means confined to the experience of the clergy. At stated or unstated periods, the event occurs in the calendars of all working persons who have learned how to burn the candle to the socket, who have contrived to spend and be spent in some good occupation until for the moment they find themselves morally or emotionally bankrupt and without reserve. It makes no difference whether the event come after a tempestuous day in the pulpit, or a week tied to a telephone and a piece of tape, or a month bent over a dull sewing-machine, or a half-year superintending the explosive exuberance of very small real boys. The phenomena are much the same in any case, and the implications equally patent. I shall use the ecclesiastical instance merely as a matter of convenience, because it happens to be the one with which I am most familiar. And you may apply the moral as widely as you please.

Of Ministers' Monday—whatever day it falls on—the question is merely this: how to use this one particular day for the best interest and comfort of all the other days; in other words, how to spend Monday so as to whistle Tuesday and Wednesday and Friday. The most obvious answer is, of course, to begin whistling Monday. Certainly. But how? Your lips are puckered, but the whistle isn't there. Where is it?

With Sunday night I am not concerned; Sunday night is sufficient unto itself. The lambent flames still burn fitfully, the chambers of the heart are yet warm with the glow of labor, the tongues of men and of angels echo faintly under the roofs of the brain. Whether he has failed or succeeded—and he shall have never quite done either—the minister's mind is for a short hour or two rightfully

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at peace. He has honestly done his best, he has spent himself fully and without stint, he has come to the end of his day with as little strength left in him as an oarsman at the finish of four miles; and he can legitimately sit down for the moment and take his ease, leaving all vain regrets and self-questionings till the morning. He can invoke an open fire and the English poets; he can talk politics or philosophy with his friends; if he is fortunate enough to live in the country and ride on circuit, he can gallop home under the stars and remeasure the confusions of his little world against the clear spaces of the heavens. No, I am not in the least concerned for Sunday night.

But Monday! Inevitable Monday—blank, dull, rainy, irritable; when, if the sun does shine overhead, its rays scarcely illumine the darkened rooms of the soul; when, if the winds of God blow as freshly and well as any other day in the year, the mind of the man is too numb with its own lameness and stupor to feel the inspiration of their vigor—Monday, that is the question. The music is over, and the piper must be paid. The fires are out, and what shall coax them again into flame? The spring is dry, and whence shall the waters of refreshing come? The bow is unstrung, and who shall bend it for another shaft? Monday, in other words—any minister, any working person, knows the day and the feeling. What will he do with it?

The first answer is obvious: "Go right on working, as if it were Tuesday, or Wednesday, or Saturday." This is a good answer, when it is the necessary one. Ordinarily the results, reviewed at the end of the day, are not satisfactory. The letters were written; but there was in them no vigor of conviction or sympathy of utterance. The introduction to next Sunday's sermon struggled as far as the ninth page; but it had no directness or grace; Tuesday morning will see it unhesitatingly thrown into the fire, with all the other introductions. The calls were made; but in such a perfunctory fashion that you honestly wonder whether they were not marred instead. "I never knew Mr. Smith could be so dull," was the uncomforting echo that seemed to whisper after you as the doors closed. The Committee Meeting was attended, dutifully and with patience; but was it well attended? "And what good came of it at last?" asks some irrepressible little Peterkin of common sense; and the man's sober judgment is forced to the inevitable answer: "'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he, 'and I'm not even sure that 'twas a famous victory.'"

Now there is conceivable a different sort of Monday from all this—almost any sort you please, except the usual one. I know a man in a village parish across the State who finds Monday belongs most profitably in a garden; it seems to fit there, like a square peg in a square hole. He digs and digs again, weeds and transplants and rearranges with judicious variety, and with a book or a friend available by the bench under the trees. In the garden vegetables ripen reasonably for his own table, flowers bloom for the sick, and the weeds wilting on the trash heap at sunset are sign and symbol of the worries and ill tempers the day's labor has rooted from his mind. Yes, that was a wise philosopher who advised "to dig a little in a garden;" he must have learned his wisdom in the savor of newly turned soil and the sweat of hoeing.

"I come of farmer stock," was the excuse a certain young country parson gave for his nearness to his people; but I think the thing that kept his sympathies keenest and his interests most active was his invariable custom of spending Monday at work in the fields. "My ancestors clamor in me," he used to say; "my hands itch for the feel of the plow, and every muscle cries for its rightful inheritance."

There was another young clergyman of my acquaintance who was fortunate enough to have "a living river by the door" of his parsonage, and often of a Monday before dawn he would launch a canoe below the clump of willows where the robins were waking, and slip away into the mists for a homely voyage of adventure. "A great-great-grand-uncle of mine was a boatman and *coureur de bois* in the days of Montcalm," was his

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laughing explanation one evening as I met him landed again at the foot of the meadow; and as if that were not reason enough, he grumbled something about the responsibilities of a lineal descent from Ulysses.

Another friend of mine had a mountain circuit in Tennessee. "You ride five days in the week, and twice as far on Sunday," I said, after hearing the story of his ministry; "and what do you do on Monday?" He smiled. "I clean stables and horses," he said, "and mend fences against the pigs, and put the place in order generally. And I putter with pictures and photography, and do wood-carving a little. And at night I read a story; there's a bookseller sends them from town."

"Birds bother me," explained yet another parson I know of; "they get in the cherry trees below my study window, and eat and sing to their heart's content, and mine. And for a long time I didn't even know their names! Then one Monday early I sauntered out and began acquaintances. It was worth while. I find them among my most instructive parishioners. Yes, I do shoot a little sometimes; and I've learned to mount them pretty well. Those vireos I did, and the sparrow-hawk over the door. But most of the time I just get out in the fields and stop and look and listen, as you do for the engines. I like the quiet, and the clouds, and the thrushes calling in the woods—and then a run home across the hills."

"I like the run best," said my sixth parson (who shall also be the last). "For when you're tired the surest way to get rested is to work harder—at something else. Monday's my day to wear off the old steam and store up the new. A man has to get out in the wind and the sun, where he can throw open all the doors and windows and give his poor old stuffy soul a good healthy airing. It needs it."

"Yours?" I asked, in some surprise. We were standing in an upland pasture, where my leisurely strolling habit had intercepted his more precipitous progress. For it was my friend's custom to jog across country for hours at a time, with an Ayrdale for company and a conveniently distant mountain as his objective.

"Indeed yes," he answered quickly. "A minister in these indoor days needs all the open air he can beg, borrow, or buy. Consider a moment. Through the week his privilege will call him into close and curtained sick-rooms—sick-rooms of the soul, most of them; he can never go, to any good purpose, unless all the clear winds of heaven and health are buttoned freely under his coat. He shall have daily to move among persons whose skies are perpetually overcast and gray, whose irritabilities act upon their friends like a fine, drizzling rain in November; he must somewhere have absorbed more sunshine than will ripen a thousand strawberries, and an evenness of temper that earthquakes cannot shake. Time and again he will have to work with people whose outlook is narrow and their horizon short; he must somehow have gotten a vision of distance—of far prospects and wide adventures; he must have climbed a hill with a friend that challenges, he must have driven a canoe through smoking rapids, he must have galloped a young horse across green meadows."

"I wonder if I understand," I interposed, anxious that he might say more, for the terrier was barking about his heels, impatient for travel.

"Of course you do," he resumed swiftly. "Be quiet, Jerry! Down, sir—get down! It's simply a matter of equalization. There are many men militant in each of us, both by inheritance and inclination, and in our circumscribed ways of life most of them never get half a chance. The soldiers and hunters and husbandmen, the peddlers and poets and pirates, the men who sailed the high seas, and men who knew the streets, and men who dug for treasure—somewhere in us all these are as real as the scholars and teachers and priests, the men of every day. The bookmen rule in most of us, quite properly, and carry our lives to what right end they will. But the others play their needed part too, on occasion, and add essentially to complete a decent and healthy whole. They can't be starved indefinitely and be kept in back corners always, unless the man him-

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self wishes to starve and be kept in back corners always. They cry for the open places sometimes, and a good breath of air, and exercise. And that's what Monday's for; it evens things up, and maintains sanity and a normal self-adjustment. That's Monday," he concluded, vigorously swinging a stick he carried, as if some bellicose ancestor were even then clamoring for utterance. "Only mostly I try and take it Saturday."

"Take it Saturday?" I asked.

"Certainly—an ounce of prevention. Besides, it's more humane to work off your ill humors beforehand than after. And it doesn't bore people so."

"Well," I objected, "but then it isn't Monday."

"On the contrary," he repeated, "it out-Mondays Monday, even though you take it Saturday—and go to church into the bargain."

"Go to church?" I echoed again; "why, you spend all day Sunday in church."

"In church, to be sure. But in worship? your own, I mean, except perhaps a hasty ten minutes in the morning? Don't you on Sunday give so much to your congregation that for yourself you get very little? Aren't you so completely the priest of others' needs that for the moment you have no time to be a suppliant for your own?

"Therefore church *has* to come into Monday, you see, somewhere. Not the building, of course; the hills are better. Have you forgotten the very first Monday of all, when the Master led the tired Twelve across Galilee to the quiet of the farther shore? Ministers' Meetings are different nowadays."

"For good cause," I answered.

"For very good cause," he repeated gravely. "Besides, they're generally indoors; and I can't stand it."

He turned swiftly, as his habit was, and started across the fields after his dog. At the first wall he turned and looked back. "Monday's all right, Simpson," he called; "Monday's fine, outdoors. Only take it Saturday if you can."

And this I try to do.

PORFIRIO DIAZ AND MEXICO IN 1908

WITH our own Presidential campaign monopolizing our attention at home, our thoughts have recently been drawn away from our sister republic on the south. We know that Mexico has suffered from business depression, unrest, and discontent. Now her Congress is in session, and legislation affecting financial interests of American investors has been proposed; but, above all, President Diaz must soon make known whether he will seek another term of office, as the present term expires in 1910. It would seem that he is vacillating, or, perhaps, feeling the public pulse. In an interview with Creelman, and in the semi-official Diario del Hogar and in other journals, Diaz has been quoted as for and against another term.

There has recently come from the press a biography of Diaz that is unique among publications of this kind.[1] In this biography little is added to our knowledge of Porfirio Diaz, the soldier, the revolutionary hero, the creator of Mexico's Constitution, the fiery denouncer of repeated elections to office (who nevertheless followed the same course when he himself became President), the genius who not only gave peace to a troubled land, but created and has maintained her financial credit, and who, while successfully resisting foreign aggression, has yet gained the friendship and respect of the world, and particularly of the United States. These and other facts, with many intimate details, are somewhat crudely set forth in this book, not always in logical sequence, for the author is in haste to fulfill a greater purpose.

[1] Porfirio Diaz. By Rafael de Zayas Enriquez. Translated by T. Quincy Browne, Jr. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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This author, Señor de Zayas, is the Poet Laureate of Mexico, a writer of important histories and other serious works, a loyal soldier, member of Congress, and, before all else, a patriot. He has been a lifelong friend of Diaz, but his book is not simply a biography. It is as if the author wrote for his friend's eye alone, impartially appraising his successes and failures, the good and the ill in his official life, seeking to determine and impartially to point out the place to which Diaz will be relegated when the judgment of future generations is recorded; and this is done simply to give force to a daring patriotic appeal to this man of destiny, this "benevolent despot," to devote the residue of his official life and his remaining years to the real welfare of his country as Zayas views it; to abandon dictatorial traditions—perhaps once necessary—and allow a successor to himself to be chosen without any pressure from above, by complete liberty of the franchise. Praising on the whole the patriotism and fully admitting the value of Diaz's early and middle career, the author yet dares to tell his chief: "You have disarmed the judiciary and the legislature until they are impotent and in reality nothing more than branches of the executive." The people have been oppressed by limitation of the franchise and curtailment of the freedom of the press. Up to now they have sullenly consented to "hand over their electoral power to the President," until, "imitating the high example, almost every one in Mexico who has any power abuses it, and the cowed public submits . . . and every one is permitted to despise the public and to treat it tyrannically." And, says this Jeremiah, Mexico is headed straight toward revolution. Discontent, hatred of office-holders, and of foreigners to whom so many special privileges have been granted, long deep-seated but quiescent, are now openly manifest. A spark may kindle a conflagration that in devouring the governing classes will at the same time destroy the fruits of industry and reverse the progress of the country.

Zayas, in spite of his disclaimer, is probably not unmindful of one possible result of his frankness, which he nevertheless faces with courage. He says in his "Preliminary Reflections:"

> My work is neither the work of a partisan nor that of an enemy, but the frank and loyal statement of a witness before the "Tribunal of History:" a kind of deposition *ad perpetuum*, which I wish to bequeath to posterity before death claims me. I do not say "surprises me," because death could not now surprise me, as I have been for some time prepared for its summons. . . .
>
> Death has been a most powerful ally of General Diaz. Every man who has crossed his path or had the power to oppose him has fallen by death. I do not now refer to those whom he has had shot as revolutionists, but to all those others: Juárez, Corona, Pacheco, Dublán, Romero, Rubio, etc., whether enemies or dangerous friends. This does not mean that I suspect General Diaz of having aided in the disappearance of those men, for I am not capable of making such cowardly insinuations, and calumny is the last thing I wish to be guilty of. Death has come of its own accord, as an intelligent and opportune ally; that is all. Napoleon was less scrupulous; he aided death.

And how is President Diaz to avert the threatened conflagration? There are only two methods by which a change for the better can be effected—"evolution or revolution." Revolution can be put in practice only by the people, and they seem ready for it; evolution only by President Diaz. For him nothing is easier. All that he need to do is to restore to the people the constitution—slowly but surely, that the people, about determined to govern anyway, may become *accustomed* to the exercise of their right, "guaranteeing them the inviolability of their votes and protecting them against the vengeance of the local authorities;" to return to the Legislature all its prerogatives and never ask or accept extraordinary powers for any executive branch of the government; to abolish all subsidized newspapers, and to encourage free speech and a free press.

Señor de Zayas concludes with this warning to the subject of his remarkable biography:

> From what I have written it is evident that as yet it is not possible to make up the President's account. . . . President Diaz has it in his power to pass into history as the "Father of his Country," a title which, up to the present time, Washington alone has deserved, or to leave the reputation of a man who, in spite of great ability, strayed from the way, disappointed public confidence,

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and brought to naught the sacrifices of his fellow-citizens. Even in that event, it may be that flattery and intellectual superficiality, seeing only the outside of things, will still contend that President Diaz was the creator of a nation. History will make the inexorable reply, "He *created* a nation, but he *destroyed* a people."

It is likely that President Diaz has had warning from other patriotic fellow-citizens; and certainly he must be fully cognizant of the unrest and ambitions of the laboring classes. Unusual interest was attached to the opening of the Twenty-fourth Congress on September 17. The President, acclaimed with cheers and greeted by music, rode in state to the House of Deputies—to the eye as vigorous and masterful as ever, in spite of his seventy-eight years. On every hand there was evidence of unusual interest to hear what the message would contain. Again he exhibited a large grasp of all important questions; there were praise for the United States in the enforcement of neutrality; reports of Mexico's favorable consideration of the proposed International Court of Justice for Central America and Code of International Law; reports of the broadening of education, the establishment of a Bacteriological Institute and a Board of Forestry, Improvement of Harbors, and Irrigation, and then came the question of finances. The depression in commercial and manufacturing lines was shown by the decrease of $500,000 in the stamp tax. The revenue had fallen off $54,000,000 (Mexican), yet the export duty on henequin, which yielded $800,000, had been removed to aid the farmers.

There was nothing unusual in the message; but what was going to be the President's answer to the plea of "Mexico for the Mexicans"? Would he continue his liberal foreign policy, or yield to popular clamor? The answer was soon apparent. The first attack on foreign interests was in the form of a bill further to control the foreign mining corporations; compelling them to take out Mexican charters, and hence become subject to Mexican laws and taxation. Over two hundred millions of dollars are invested by foreigners in Mexican mines. Diaz removed from office Olegario Molina, a Cabinet Minister, who is said to be responsible for the objectionable provisions of the proposed law. Molina is from Yucatan, and as Governor of that province made an excellent record. One of the chief Yucatan products, henequin, has been dependent upon the American International Harvester Company for a market. This Trust controls the market for binder-twine, for which henequin is chiefly employed. Discontent with low prices offered caused the planters to organize and withhold their fiber. The Trust likewise played a waiting game. Many planters failed, and carried down important business houses in Yucatan; then the International Harvester Company secured the henequin at its own price. Molina and his constituents at home became very bitter against all foreigners —Americans particularly. After he was called to the Cabinet of President Diaz and was made Chairman of a commission to revise the mining laws, he seized the opportunity to strike at foreign corporations. Advance publication of the proposed law was received with enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land, yet Molina has been compelled to resign from the Cabinet and has returned to his governorship in Yucatan, and Congress struck out the objectionable clause in the mining act.

Not yet can Mexico dispense with her "benevolent despot." "He alone saved us," says a correspondent in Mexico, "from a disastrous panic last fall, the effects of which would have reached beyond our boundaries. The Government compelled the Banco Nacional to advance ready money to every institution that was in need and intrinsically sound. The bank was likewise compelled to sell exchange at a loss, so that the failure to keep silver at a parity was less apparent. The Government stood this loss. About January first one of the largest mercantile houses in Mexico, with many branches, was in serious difficulty. Its chief went straight to President Diaz, and said that he must have a million dollars or fail. Recognizing that the failure of this house would precipitate a panic, the Government let him have the money.

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. . . In my opinion, the most serious menace to the prosperity of Mexico is the fear that President Diaz is not as strong physically as is popularly believed. . . . The least of the evils which might come from his death, should it occur soon, would be increase in business stagnation and in popular unrest. Many politicians seem ready to avail themselves of the present widespread dislike of foreigners. The ferment of anti-foreign leaven is working among the masses. They are no longer content with the old scale of living; the recent prosperity had accustomed even peons to better standards. Now they cannot procure even the necessities of ten years ago."

The year 1909 will be of epoch-making importance across the Rio Grande. Should Diaz "decline" another nomination, can he continue to hold in check the elements of unrest? Will his successor be a Taft, heir to certain policies of his predecessor, or a Bryan, representing the anti-capitalistic, anti-foreign movement?

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND[1]

WHAT constitutes a constitutional government? De Tocqueville affirms that in England the constitution "does not really exist." The basis of this assertion is the fact that there is no written document, and no fixed and determinate limits on the powers of Parliament. Dr. Woodrow Wilson assumes a different meaning to the phrase constitutional government. "A constitutonal government is one conducted upon the basis of a definite understanding, if need be of a formal pact, between those who are to submit to it and those who are to conduct it, with a view to making government an instrument of the general welfare rather than an arbitrary, self-willed master doing what it pleases, and particularly for the purpose of safeguarding individual liberty." In this sense constitutional government for England began when the Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede. Professor Stubbs carries back English constitutional history to a period far anterior to Runnymede. The Magna Charta did not, in his view, create the constitution; it recognized officially a constitution pre-existing. According to him, "English constitutional history is a development of Germanic principles in comparative purity." The constitution thus, in a sense, antedated even the days of Alfred the Great. But history goes much further back to find the ideal of a constitutional government in the ancient Hebrew commonwealth. That ideal is implicit in the Book of the Covenant, which dates from at least a thousand years before Christ. The document which contains in the Ten Commandments the constitution of the Hebrew people by its very title indicates a compact or covenant between Jehovah and Israel. Even Jehovah does not assume the position of an arbitrary lawgiver, but agrees to act as the Sovereign of Israel only upon their acceptance of his sovereignty, and that an acceptance based upon a definition of the fundamental ethical principles which are to govern in their own political organization and their social life. The distinction between arbitrary and constitutional government has, then, existed from the earliest ages. Political history might almost be defined as the narrative of the conflict between these two ideals. The one is arbitrary government as defined, for example, by Louis XIV of France: "It is to the head alone that the power of deliberating and determining belongs, and all the function of the other members consists only in the execution of the commands which are given them." The other is constitutional government as defined, for example, by Daniel Webster: "That fundamental regulation which determines the manner in which the public authority is to be exerted is what forms the constitution of a state." That fundamental

[1] The Government of England. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

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law may be written, as it is in the United States, or unwritten, as it is in England; it may be interpreted by a Supreme Court, as it is in the United States, or by an appeal to the people in a general election, as it is in England. In the one case, no less than in the other, if the law-making power is itself under law, the government is a constitutional government.

To describe a constitution formed by tradition is a much more difficult task than to describe a constitution framed by a convention and reduced to writing. This is what Professor Lowell has undertaken to do in the two volumes on "The Government of England." That the author of "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" is peculiarly equipped for this difficult task may be assumed. The book is a well-ripened fruit of much study and a true familiarity with English political history. It is free from those prejudices from which an English political writer could hardly be free. The work cannot be said to be written from either the Conservative or the Liberal, from the Church or the Non-conformist, point of view. It is free from American prejudices. There is no attempt on the one hand to disparage, on the other to exalt, American institutions. Yet the study is incidentally and indirectly a comparative study, and throws incidental light on our own constitutional problems, all the more valuable because it is only incidental. Thus: It has been urged that the President ought not to make his wishes known to Congress and that his name and influence should not be brought in any way into a political controversy, because such limitation is put on the English king by the British constitution. But the parallel disappears when we learn the reason for the English prohibition, namely, the tradition that the king can do no wrong. All public acts are the acts of his ministers, and they alone can be called to account for them. On the other hand, there is very much in the English tradition from which our public men might learn wisdom. "The nation has been saved from a bureaucracy such as prevails over the greater part of Europe, on the one hand, and from the American spoils system on the other, by the sharp distinction between political and non-political officials. The former are trained in Parliamentary, not in administrative, routine." In America they are often not trained at all. The method pursued by Parliament and the administration working together in adjusting expenditures and appropriations to fit each other might be profitably studied by Congressmen. It is interesting and instructive to observe that the reason that the spoils system—that is, the wholesale discharge of officials on a change of party—obtained no foothold is not to be found in any peculiarly exalted sense inherent in the British character that every "public office is a public trust." This ideal was gradually developed, first abroad out of the necessities of the colonial service, and thence imported into the home administration. The difference between the Civil Service examination in England and in America is important, and to the advantage of the English. "In the United States the object is almost entirely to discover the immediate fitness of the candidates for the work they are expected to do; in England the object in most cases is to measure what their ability to do the work will be after they have learned it."

It is wholly beyond the scope of such a review as this to follow out this work in detail. The extent of the ground it covers may be indicated by a simple catalogue of its Parts: I. The Central Government—answering to our Federal Government; II. The Party System, the analogues between the English and the American party system being both interesting and suggestive; III. Local Government, which may be compared to and contrasted with our State and Municipal Governments; IV. Education; V. The Church; VI. The Empire—a section especially worth the study of American journalists and publicists at the present time; VII. The Courts of Law. The volumes do for England what Mr. Bryce has done for America in his "American Commonwealth," albeit the work is distinctively more legal in character than Professor Bryce's work. It deals more with the laws and traditions which constitute the government, and

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less with the spirit and temperament of the people which do so much toward making the nation. Professor Lowell's work should find a place in every editor's library; and it would be well for the American people if every American editor could be required to pass an examination on it before undertaking political editorials. It must hold a foremost place among authoritative works of its class, and it is a piece of scholarly work of a quality and importance which make it a contribution to the literature of the world in this field.

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

An American, brought up in France and married in England, where most of her life was spent, Mrs. Cornwallis-West has had opportunities to see and take part in many interesting public events. Through her father's position and her mother's beauty and charm she was introduced to the exclusive Parisian circles, before the Franco-German War, and by her early marriage to the son of the Duke of Marlborough, who later became active in English politics, she mingled with statesmen and most of the great ladies worth knowing in Great Britain. All these advantages would have been useless to a less highly endowed woman. Beautiful, keen-witted, an accomplished musician, and devoted to her husband's public interests, Lady Randolph made a large place for herself in her adopted country. She touches lightly upon the disappointments inseparably connected with political place, and with much good humor sketches the character of friend and opponent, using sufficient prudence yet making a witty, piquant narrative.[1] Her surprise at English conservatism, upon her installation, fresh from France, as Lord Randolph Churchill's wife, is embodied in a little story of how she went to a dinner party at Marlborough House, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales on a Sunday in July. Very few people used their private carriages on Sunday then, and her husband conformed to the custom. The Prince of Wales accompanied his guests to the door, and they heard, in stentorian tones, "Lady Randolph Churchill's carriage stops the way," and a most dilapidated four-wheeler, filled with straw, crept up to the door. She says, "As I prepared to get in, our royal host chaffingly remarked that my conscience was better than my carriage. Not to be outdone, I retorted: 'Is it not, sir, the Queen's carriage? How can I have a better?'" Public conveyances were dubbed Queen's carriages in those days. She draws a sharp contrast between London social customs in the early eighties and now. Full of activity, she was one of the prime movers in the formation of the successful Primrose League, a great aid to the Conservatives. She traveled to America, lived for some years in Ireland, went around the world, observant and quite able to describe what she saw. She was received in the courts of Russia and Germany, and made friends everywhere. After Lord Randolph's death she organized and carried to a successful end the enterprise of the hospital ship Maine, for use in the South African war. Her reminiscences are redolent of a happy, clever personality, and her own wit and unfailing sense of humor illuminate the brilliant record. The concluding words are characteristic of the reserve yet adequate emphasis she puts upon distinctly private affairs. "A few months later" (after the return of the Maine) "I bade farewell to Lady Randolph Churchill, who then took the name of the chronicler of these Reminiscences." The reproduction of a sketch of her by Sargent, as well as several photographed groups in which she appears, serves to account in part for her successful career. Her face must be the index of her alert, brilliant mind and happy temper.

[1] Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. By Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. The Century Company, New York. $3.50, net.

ANATOLE FRANCE

M. France, described by his sympathetic critic as "the most strictly upright politician, the most eloquent orator, and the greatest writer of the France of to-day," whose easily intelligible while ironical style "succeeds in captivating an audience representing every class in society," is likewise described as a hedonist, a skeptic, and, when treating of religious subjects, "as callous in his inmost soul as Voltaire." The fact is sufficiently apparent in the quotations occurring in this review[1] of his writings and sketch of his personality. It is not M. France alone, but the

[1] Anatole France. By George Brandes. The McClure Company, New York. 75c.

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character of the people who acclaim such a man as their representative, that is discernible here by a thoughtful reader, the fruit of a certain long dominant type of ecclesiasticism.

SOME MEMORIES As he says, not by inspiration from on High, but from the inspiration of a grateful heart, does Robert Collyer, now past fourscore years, write a little record of an eventful and helpful life.[1] The memories steal out of the mists of time and flow from his accustomed pen easily. The well known Unitarian minister, born in Yorkshire, but for almost sixty years an American, has many interesting and pleasant things to tell. He served in the Sanitary Commission during our war. He suffered the loss of his church and his home in the Chicago fire, but he recalls with gratitude his varied experiences. Always kindly in his judgments and always eager to lend a hand, his long life has been both happy and useful. A fine portrait shows his strong, alert countenance and splendid head to advantage. As the pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York he is well known here. On November 18 his eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated by the members of the Unitarian Club at a dinner, when, among others, Andrew Carnegie spoke in congratulation to the guest they all honored.

THE HOME BUILDER The keynotes of Dr. Abbott's study of a woman's heart and life[2] are struck in the title; for in the nine chapters which make the small volume the dignity, beauty, and fundamental place of the home are constantly emphasized, and the portrait drawn by the writer brings into relief the creative qualities, functions, and activities of a woman's career. The purpose of the writer, as suggested by the titles of the chapters, is to evoke an ideal character by describing a woman in all the great relations of life, as daughter, wife, mother, housekeeper, philanthropist, saint, and grandmother. The story is told in terms of experience, and is evidently a sketch or definition of an ideal woman. The type of ideal presented in the book may be suggested by these sentences: "She is not ambitious for power, but cares much for influence. She tells her daughter that power is combative, influence persuasive; power displays itself, influence hides itself; power acts from without, influence from within; power controls, influence creates; . . . she is far more interested in promoting, by her influence, the victory of honesty and purity in all parties, than the victory of one party over another party. . . . Her interests are greater in social service than in politics."

A HUMOROUS THEOLOGICAL TREATISE We suppose we must believe Mr. Chesterton when he says, "I never in my life said anything merely because I thought it was funny;" but we certainly could not believe him did he not immediately add, "Though, of course, I have had ordinary human vainglory, and may have thought it funny because I said it." At all events, this book[1] is as funny as Punch, and it is a new and unusual type of humorous theology. Fun poked at orthodoxy we have had in good measure, pressed down, and running over. Every cheap wit from Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll has considered it legitimate, as it certainly is easy, to crack jokes at the simple faith of believers of all classes. But Mr. Chesterton cracks his jokes at the unbelievers, and does it exceedingly well. For he does it by simply showing the incongruities and self-contradictions into which the assailants of Christianity have run with a delightfully naïve unconsciousness. We had marked some passages for quotation. But they will not bear quoting. For the fun, and also the effectiveness, of them depends on their unexpectedness. They jump out at you in a way that at first startles, then amuses, then convinces—or at least compels thought. So all we can do is to print here a few sentences to indicate the style. Thus, to show that poetry is better than logic:

Cowper "was damned by John Calvin; he was almost saved by John Gilpin."

"St. John the Evangelist saw many strange monsters in his visions; he saw no creature so wild as one of his own commentators."

"The poet only asks to get his head into the heavens. It is the logician who seeks to get the heavens into his head. And it is the head that splits."

So again: modern skepticism is "the suicide of thought. It is the belief that we can be sure of nothing."

"We are on the road to producing a race of men too modest to believe in the multiplication table."

"There is a thought that stops thought. That is the only thought that ought to be stopped."

"Descartes said, 'I think; therefore I am.' The philosophic evolutionist reverses and negatives the epigram. He says: 'I am not; therefore I cannot think.'"

"Anarchism adjures us to be bold creative artists and to care for no laws or limits. But it is impossible to be an artist and not care for laws and limits. . . . If you draw a giraffe, you must draw him with a long neck. If, in your bold creative way, you hold yourself free to draw a giraffe with a short neck, you will really find that you are not free to draw a giraffe."

We do not always agree with Mr. Chesterton's very orthodox orthodoxy. We sometimes

[1] Some Memories. By Robert Collyer. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. $1.25.

[2] The Home Builder. By Lyman Abbott. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 75c., net.

[1] Orthodoxy. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. The John Lane Company. New York. $1 50.

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weary of his succession of paradoxes. But we do not know where in literature to find a better illustration of the counsel, "Answer a fool according to his folly." For a good deal of the pretentious philosophy which he answers is folly, and he effectually punctures its pretensions.

CHRISTMAS TO-DAY

The substance of Mr. Mabie's "Christmas To-Day"[1] is an imaginary talk of a group of friends before a Christmas fire, and touches those changes of condition and feeling, those transformations of thought and sentiment, which separate the men and women to-day as by a great gulf from the men and women who heard the story of Bethlehem as a contemporary event. The side-titles suggest the various aspects of the subject discussed; and many of the sections appeared as editorials in The Outlook during the last six months. The object of the little book is to bring into view great and fundamental changes while insisting on the unchanged needs of humanity; to explain some of the difficulties of faith in the presence of the Christmas story caused by changes which are external and do not touch the heart of the matter; confusions which blur the eyes of men but do not affect the event, diminish its credibility, or indicate in any way that it has been outgrown.

A WIDE WORLD

The seeing eye and the hearing ear are not denied Helen Keller though the outward senses are useless. She opens to many of us unobservant ones a new world which she calls "The World I Live In."[2] There is nothing forced in the note of happiness that sounds through everything she writes. She is happy, as every one can be who is developed to his greatest capacity. The papers in this little book have appeared in print, but, collected, become a valuable autobiographical contribution to the study of human possibility. They are the pleasant fruit of well-directed study, a lovely and noble mind, and a "merry heart" which cheerfully goes "all the way."

THE BEAUTIES OF RUGS

It must be some six or seven years ago that we spoke with cordial appreciation of Miss Holt's admirable book on "Rugs."[3] Now we have the pleasure of examining a new and enlarged edition—Occidental as well as Oriental, modern as well as antique rugs are described. Since the first edition appeared there have been opened new sources of information as to the history, marking, quality, and selling of rugs, and the consequent additional knowledge now presented is considerable in amount and interesting in character. As to the richly and faithfully colored plates, one can hardly use too strong words of praise. They are beautiful and choice.

LORNA DOONE

Blackmore's beautiful romance[1] has become well established as a story that will be read, if not for all time to come, at least for a very long time to come. Thousands of Americans have visited the Doone country, and therefore feel a special interest in all relating to it. The present edition of the famous romance is agreeably illustrated with many new photographs relating to the scenes indicated in the book. In addition to this it has the advantage of an excellent introduction—biographical, typographical, and historical. This introduction, written by the editor, Mr. H. Snowden Ward, is an extremely thorough piece of work, and gives this edition an air of finality and completeness. The book is properly called the Doone-Land Edition. A word should be said in praise of the tasteful and handsome binding. The photographs here reproduced are by Mrs. Ward, the editor's wife.

THE GARDENS OF JAPAN

Miss Du Cane's book[2] has a double claim to attention: first, because of its many charmingly colored full-page pictures of characteristic Japanese garden scenes; the other because it describes clearly and fully those flowers which are at the same time remarkable for their beauty and profusion and are most closely associated with Japan. In addition to this, the book has the best account we have seen anywhere of the way in which Japanese gardens, including the landscape garden, are planned, planted, and made effective.

STORIES OF PAINTERS

This is first of all interesting; and it does well what it undertakes to do; it is a collection of "stories," not a painstaking and accurate history.[3] There is no attempt to make a scholar's discrimination between the true and the false, between history and legend. The author in a series of very readable selections gives an account of the painters' lives, taken principally from original biographers, who rarely discriminated between the accurate and the inaccurate, but did distinguish

[1] Christmas To-Day. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 75c., net.
[2] The World I Live In. By Helen Keller. The Century Company, New York. $1.20, net.
[3] Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern. By Rosa Belle Holt. A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. $5.

[1] Lorna Doone. (Doone-Land Edition.) By R. D. Blackmore. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.
[2] The Flowers and Gardens of Japan. Painted by Ella Du Cane. Described by Florence Du Cane. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6, net.
[3] Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists from the Time of the Van Eycks to the End of the Seventeenth Century. Selected and Arranged by Victor Reynolds. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.

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between the interesting and the uninteresting. In selecting, arranging, and editing these stories the author—or shall we call him editor?—has taken advantage of the work of later scholars; but he makes no pretense of having done any first-hand investigation himself. His volume might be described in a sentence as a series of magazine sketches very cleverly done. The illustrations are excellent; some of the color prints are at least as good as any we have ever seen. The "Portrait of an Old Man" (p. 44) and "The Shepherd" (p. 79) have a delicacy of shading and a depth which approximates oil painting. The author has in the pictures represented some artists of whom in his letterpress he has said nothing because so little is known of them.

CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

Mr. Howells's charming Christmas story [1] is in the form of a tale told about Christmas by a child. It is eminently worthy of the fine setting given it in the present holiday edition. The story itself has charm, delicacy, and tenderness. We are glad to add that these qualities are to be found also in the really beautiful illustrations and decorations in color by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. In taste and sentiment it is doubtful if any Christmas book of the year surpasses this.

A CAPITAL BOY'S BOOK

However opinions may differ about Mr. Major's romances, no one can question his happy touch and compelling power when it comes to writing books about boys for boys. There are few lads who could withstand the allurement of Mr. Major's sub-title, "A Story of Bears and Indian Treasure;" and the book itself [2] (its name is "Uncle Tom Andy Bill") amply fulfills the promise of the sub-title. Even if the older reader may not care so much for the treasure and the bears as the boy, he will admit that the story is a true and lively picture of life half a century ago in what is now the Middle West, but was then the frontier.

THE LADIES' PAGEANT

Mr. Lucas has found an attractive and novel title for a collection of passages of prose and poetry relating to woman and womanhood.[3] He has been equally happy in his division and arrangement of the extracts. We quote a few of these titles as an indication of the method: Shakespeare's Women, the West Country Bevy, Daughters of Erin, Sir Walter's Ladies, The Wife Perfect, The Blues, Aunts and Grandmothers, The Tyrants. If the reader is not impelled by this rehearsal of a few of Mr. Lucas's subdivisions to desire knowledge as to what women come under these respective heads, he has less curiosity than we. The book, like Mr. Lucas's "The Gentlest Art," is one to afford entertainment and pleasure at odd minutes. It is neatly and prettily printed, and it most surely would make an acceptable present to any woman.

[1] Christmas Every Day. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.
[2] Uncle Tom Andy Bill. By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.
[3] The Ladies' Pageant. Edited by E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25, net.

UNTRODDEN ENGLISH WAYS

Mr. Shelley's "Untrodden English Ways" [1] is a very pleasant book in style, illustration, and general appearance, but the title is somewhat misleading, for the time has long passed away when Devonshire, Bath, and Hampstead Heath could be classed among the untrodden places. On the contrary, they are probably as well known by Americans as any localities in England except London and one or two cathedral cities. This, however, is a small matter. What is of consequence is the fact that the writer has felt the charm of the localities, is familiar with their personal and literary associations, and writes about them with feeling, intelligence, and no small degree of interest. All sorts of people turn up, after the English fashion, in this book; for not only is English soil thousands of feet deep in history, but almost every locality in England is associated with half a dozen historical characters. It does not shock nor even surprise the reader, therefore, to find Dick Turpin and John Bunyan making their appearance in the same volume, not side by side, but, in a way, as neighbors. This book will have special interest to those who love Devonshire, and who like to have the extraordinary beauty of its coast roads and its rocky walks recalled.

WOMEN, ETC.

Under this title a large number of brief writings by George Harvey are collected.[2] While the Etc. promises variety, the chief subject exercises a potent fascination, and to it the writer constantly returns. His attitude is tolerant, rather omniscient, and altogether advisory. The foibles of what he would probably call the fair sex lie ready to his hand, and he never tires of tossing them to and fro. He comments upon current events of internal and international importance, preserving the standpoint usually of the observer. The sub-title describes the fugitive nature of the material correctly as "Some Leaves from an Editor's Diary."

[1] Untrodden English Ways. By Henry C. Shelley. Little Brown & Co., Boston. $3, net.
[2] Women, Etc. By George Harvey. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1, net.

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"Sweet Sixteen"

This is the title of a beautiful Art Calendar for 1909, issued by Armour & Company. Five famous artists offer in this their best work. Do you want one of these calendars?

Here are the five drawings. The one in the center is by Penrhyn Stanlaws. It serves as part of the cover design. It is done in pastel. You should see it in the color.

The one to the left is by Christy in colored chalk—one of the daintiest effects ever produced by this well-known artist.

The one to the right is by Harrison Fisher in colored crayon—one of his best—typical of his ability.

The other two are by C. Allan Gilbert and Henry Hutt; also in colors — Gilbert's in pastel — Hutt's in wash.

It is hard to choose among these drawings. But you don't have to choose. The calendar gives you them all. And each looks like an original. The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches.

There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

How to Get the Calendar

Simply send us four cents in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) and one of the metal inspection seals from the top of a pail of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, placed there by the Government, to insure you pure leaf lard. Send to Armour & Company, Dept. 22, Chicago. Then we'll mail the calendar immediately—or we will send the calendar prepaid for 25c in stamps.

Art Plate Offer

We have a few of these calendar drawings, 11x17 inches, printed on heavy paper with calendar dates, advertising and all printing eliminated. They are ideal for framing or portfolio. The price of these plates is 25c each, or $1 for the five. Express prepaid.

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That's why we offer the calendar free.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is by far the best lard. More economical, too.

One need use but two-thirds as much of it. That is essential, else the food is too rich.

Leaf lard is made from that dainty bit of flaky fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

There isn't enough of this fat in all the hogs in the country to supply one-tenth of the people with leaf lard.

So all the choice lard goes to those who insist on it.

We make Leaf Lard in a kettle as some of our mothers made it back on the farm. But we use open-jacketed kettles, and we employ infinite skill, so our lard has a flavor that all other lards lack.

It is better to cook with leaf lard than with butter, for it doesn't cook as dry.

Armour's
"Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

You don't know what flavor you can get in your cooking until you have used this lard. *So be sure to get Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.* See that the *label* says "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard"—not somebody else's "Leaf Brand" or "Pure Lard," for neither *is* "Leaf Lard." You can be sure that Armour's is Leaf Lard, for the law forbids misbranding.

Try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard once. You'll never go back to the common.

Get a pail of your grocer today and send us the metal Government inspection seal for the calendar.

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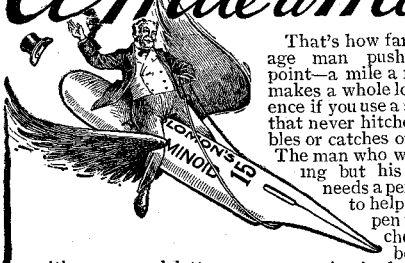
A Mile a Month



That's how far the average man pushes a pen point—a mile a month. It makes a whole lot of difference if you use a speedy pen that never hitches or stumbles or catches or splutters. The man who writes nothing but his signature needs a pen that tries to help. The best pen for signing checks and bonds or writing personal letters or manuscript is the "Cannon Ball." You ought to try it! We will send you samples for a 2 cent stamp. *$1.25 a gross at your Stationer's.*

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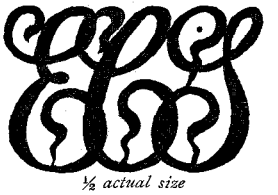

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A most acceptable gift for man or woman. Smartly dressed women are wearing them on bags and pocketbooks; men on notebooks, card-cases and elsewhere. We will mail you, as a **SPECIAL OFFER,** a three-letter monogram (like cut) for $1.25; or one initial for 50c., your choice of brass or German silver. Send for catalogue of Xmas suggestions for well-dressed men and women.

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PENSIONS FOR OLD MINISTERS

Just now the Christmas Fund, to supplement inadequate pensions, has right of way. You would like to remember, in celebration of the birth of Christ, some one who, in need, is worthy, who can not reward you. That person is the old, wayworn veteran whose life was given to proclaiming the glad tidings. We ask for $500 to bring Christmas cheer into 100 homes. Write for our Christmas leaflet. Rev. Wm. A. Rice, Sec'y; B. H. Fancher, Treas., 287 Fourth Ave., New York.

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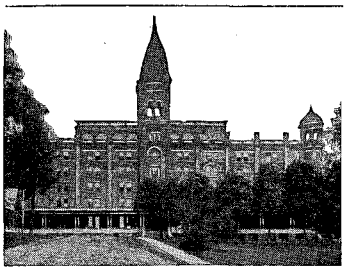

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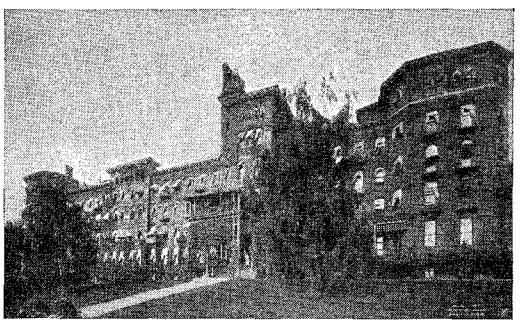

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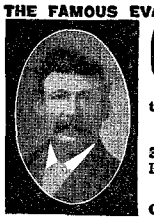

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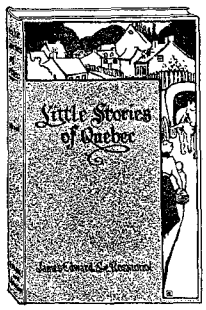

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